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MY PRISONS,

MEMOIRS

OF

SILVIO PELLICO

OF

SALUZZO.

Homo natus de muliere, brevi vivens tempore, repletur multis miseriis.
JOB.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY CHARLES FOLSOM.
M DCCC XXXVI.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE "Prisons" of Silvio Pellico will hold a permanent place in the literature of the world; and a faithful translation must be a valuable addition to that of any country. This book was published in 1832, and has spread rapidly throughout Europe, in many editions of the original and of translations into various languages. It is a precious fragment of mental and moral autobiography, connected with a narrative of great interest. Perhaps no writer has ever laid open his heart with less artifice or vanity than its author. It exhibits an individual, gentle, refined, a man of feeling and of genius, made better by severe and long-continued suffering, exercising under it the affections and virtues of a Christian, bearing it with religious fortitude and hope, and alleviating it by constant intellectual occupations; so that after ten years of cruel imprisonment, during which he

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was cut off from almost all the common means of improvement, he has returned to the world, to do honor to humanity, strengthened in virtue, with the powers of his mind in full action, and prepared to be a moral teacher of his fellow men.

The style of thought and language is distinguished by transparent simplicity, candor, moral purity, quiet self-command, and freedom from angry feeling and from ostentation. One great charm of the work is the reliance of its author upon the artless expression of sincere religious sentiments and kind affections, as having power over the hearts of his readers; a reliance which has been justified by the event; for the favor with which his book has been received is one of the most gratifying indications of the state of our times.

Soon after the appearance of the original, the following translation was commenced from interest in the work, without a view to publication. When completed, however, it was placed at my disposal; and it being understood that Signor Maroncelli was desirous of publishing

in this country a translation of Pellico's work in connexion with a translation of his own "Additions," this was offered to and has been accepted by him.

I have added the few marginal notes in this volume. The short accounts of different individuals mentioned have been taken principally from the notes to a London edition of the original, which appear to be the work of some well-informed writer.

A. N.

Cambridge, January, 1836.

PREFACE.

HAVE I written these Memoirs to gratify my vanity by speaking of myself? I hope not. And as far as one may judge in his own case, it appears to me that I have had better motives: — that of contributing to the comfort of the unhappy, by making known the evils I have borne, and the consolations I have found attainable under the greatest misfortunes; — that of bearing witness, that, in the midst of my long sufferings, I have not found human nature so degraded, so unworthy of indulgence, so deficient in excellent

characters, as it is commonly represented; — that of inviting noble hearts to love much, to hate no human being, to feel irreconcilable hatred only towards mean deceit, pusillanimity, perfidy, and all moral degradation; — that of repeating a truth well known, but often forgotten: that both Religion and Philosophy require an energetic will and calm judgment; and that without the union of these qualities there can be neither justice, nor dignity, nor strength of principle.

MY PRISONS.

CHAPTER I.

On Friday the 13th of October, 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and carried to the prison of Santa Margherita. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. I was immediately subjected to a long examination, which was continued through several days. But of this I shall say nothing. Like a lover ill-treated by his mistress, and manfully resolved to keep himself aloof from her, I shall leave politics where they are, and speak of other things.

At nine in the evening of that miserable Friday, the notary consigned me to the gaoler, who conducted me to the room destined for me. He civilly requested me to give up to him (to be restored in due time) my watch, my money, and every thing else that I had in my pockets, and respectfully wished me a good night.

"Stop, dear Sir," said I to him, "I have not dined to-day; let something be brought me."

"Immediately; the eating-house is near, and you will find the wine good, Sir."

"I do not drink wine."

At this answer, Signor Angiolino looked alarmed, and hoped that I was jesting. Gaolers who sell wine have a horror of an abstemious prisoner.

"Indeed, I do not drink it."

"I am sorry for you; you will suffer doubly from solitude . . ."

Perceiving that I did not change my determination, he went out, and in less than half an hour I had my dinner. I ate a few mouthfuls, swallowed a glass of water, and was left alone.

My room was upon the lower floor, and looked out upon the court. There were cells on each side, above, and opposite. I leaned on the window, and listened for some time to the passing and repassing of the gaolers, and to the wild singing of several of the prisoners.

I reflected: "A century ago, this was a monastery; the holy and penitent virgins who dwelt here never imagined, that at this day their cells would resound no more with the sighs of women and with pious hymns, but with blasphemies and indecent songs, and would contain men of all

kinds, the greater part destined to hard labor, or to the gallows. And a century hence who will breathe in these cells? Oh! rapid flight of time! Oh! perpetual change of things! Can he who reflects upon it be distressed, if fortune ceases to smile upon him, if he is buried in prison, and threatened with the gibbet? Yesterday I was one of the happiest of men; to-day I no longer possess any of the joys which gladdened my life; liberty, intercourse with my friends, hope itself is gone. No; it would be folly to flatter myself. I shall go hence only to be thrown into some more horrible den, or to be consigned to the executioner. Well! the day after my death, it will be the same as if I had expired in a palace, and had been borne to the tomb with the greatest honors."

These reflections upon the rapid flight of time strengthened my soul. But my thoughts turned to my father, my mother, my two brothers, my two sisters, and another family, which I loved as if it were my own; and my philosophical reasoning was of no avail, I was overcome, and wept like a child.

CHAPTER II.

THREE months before, I had been at Turin, and had seen again, after several years' separation, my dear parents, one of my brothers, and my two sisters. Our whole family loved each other so much! No child was ever more loaded with benefits by his father and mother than myself. Oh! how was I touched by finding my parents more changed by age than I had anticipated! How much I then wished never more to leave them, but to devote myself to solacing their old age by my cares! How it grieved me, during the few days that I remained at Turin, to have other duties which led me from my paternal roof, and to give so small a portion of my time to my beloved relations. My poor mother said with melancholy tenderness, "Ah! our Silvio has not come to Turin to see *us*!" The morning that I left them for Milan was most sad. My father got into the carriage with me, and, having accompanied me for a mile, returned alone. I looked back to see him; I wept, kissed a ring which my mother had given me, and never felt such anguish at parting from my

family. Having no great faith in presentiments, I was astonished that I could not overcome my grief, and was forced to say with apprehension, "Whence this extraordinary disquietude?" It seemed to me as if I foresaw some great misfortune.

Now, in prison, I remembered that apprehension and anguish. I remembered all the words I had heard from my parents three months before. That lament of my mother, "Ah! our Silvio has not come to Turin to see *us*!" fell heavy on my heart. I reproached myself for not having been a thousand times more tender towards them. — I loved them so much, and I had expressed this to them so feebly! I was never more to see them, and I had satisfied myself so little with the contemplation of their dear countenances, and I had been so sparing in the expressions of my love! — These thoughts grieved my soul.

I shut the window, and walked for an hour, believing I should have no rest through the night. But I went to bed, and weariness made me sleep.

CHAPTER III.

To awake during the first night in prison is horrible. "Is it possible?" (said I, recollecting where I was,) "is it possible? Am I here? Is it not a dream? Was I then arrested yesterday? Was it yesterday that I endured that long examination, which must continue to-morrow, and who knows when it will end? Was it last evening that I wept so much before going to sleep, as I thought of my parents?"

The repose, the perfect silence, the short sleep, which had restored my mental strength, seemed to have increased a hundred fold my capacity of suffering. In this total absence of any thing to distract my thoughts, the distress of all my friends, and particularly of my father and mother, when they should hear of my arrest, was pictured in my imagination with incredible force.

"At this moment," said I, "they are yet sleeping tranquilly, or if awake, are perhaps thinking of me with pleasure, having no apprehension of the place where I am! Oh! happy would it be for them, if God should take them

from the world before the news of my misfortune reaches Turin! Who will give them strength to sustain this blow?"

A voice from within seemed to reply to me: "He, whom all the afflicted invoke, and love, and feel within them! He, who gave strength to a mother, to follow her son to Golgotha, and to stand under his cross! The friend of the unhappy, the friend of mortals!"

This was the first moment that religion triumphed in my heart; and I owed this blessing to filial love.

Hitherto, without being hostile to religion, I had felt its influence but little and imperfectly. The common objections, which are brought against it, had not appeared to me of much weight, and yet a thousand sophistical doubts had weakened my faith. These doubts had not for a long time related to the existence of God; and I had continually repeated to myself, if God exists, it necessarily follows from his justice, that there is another life for man who suffers in a world so unjust; hence follows the great reasonableness of aspiring to the blessings of that second life; hence follows a worship consisting of love to God and our neighbour, a per-

petual striving to ennoble ourselves by generous sacrifices. I had for a long time gone on repeating all this, and I had added: "And what is Christianity, but this perpetual aspiration after perfection?" And Christianity, in its essential character, being so pure, so philosophical, so unimpeachable, I marvelled that an age should have arrived, when philosophy should dare to say, "Henceforth I will fill its place." "And in what manner wouldst thou fill its place? By teaching vice?" "No, surely." "By teaching virtue? That will be the love of God and our neighbour. It will be precisely what Christianity teaches."

Although I had thus felt for several years, I had avoided the conclusion, "Be then consistent! Be a Christian! Be no longer offended by abuses! no longer dwell perversely on some difficult doctrine of the church, since the principal point is this, and it is most plain: Love God and your neighbour."

In prison I determined at last to embrace this conclusion, and I did embrace it. I hesitated somewhat from the fear, that, if any one should happen to learn that I was more religious than formerly, he might think he had a right to con-

sider me as a bigot, made abject by misfortune. But, knowing that I was neither bigoted nor abject, I felt complacency in disregarding the possible blame I did not deserve ; and I resolved from that time forward to be, and to avow myself, a Christian.

CHAPTER IV.

It was some time before this became my settled resolution, but I began to meditate upon it, and in some degree to decide upon it, during the first night after my arrest. Towards morning my agitation was calmed, and I was astonished at the change. I again thought of my parents and of my other beloved friends; I despaired no longer of their strength of mind, and I was consoled by the recollection of the virtuous sentiments which I had known them to possess.

Why was I so agitated before, when I thought of their distress? and now, why had I so much confidence in their fortitude? Was this happy change a miracle? or was it a natural effect of my renewed trust in God? And of what consequence is it whether we call the real, sublime benefits of religion miracles or not?

At midnight two *secondini* (under-gaolers are so called) had been to visit me, and had found me in very bad humor. At dawn they returned, and found me serene and unaffectedly cheerful.

"Last night, Signore, you had the look of a basilisk," said Tirola; "now it is quite different, and I am glad of it; it is a sign you are not (pardon the expression) a rogue; because rogues (I am old in the business and my observations have some weight), rogues are more enraged the second day than the first. Do you take snuff?"

"I am not in the habit of taking it, but I will not refuse your kindness. As to your observation, excuse me, but it is not worthy of so sagacious a person as you appear to be. If I have not still the look of a basilisk this morning, may not the change be a proof of folly, of readiness to deceive myself, and to dream that my freedom is at hand?"

"I might suspect that, Signore, if you were in prison for any other cause; but, as to affairs of state, it is not possible in these days to suppose that they will end so speedily, and you are not fool enough to imagine it. Pardon me, Sir; will you take another pinch?"

"Thank you. But how can you have so merry a face, always living as you do among the unhappy?"

"You will think it is from indifference to the

sufferings of others. To say the truth, I do not myself well know how it is; but I assure you, that it often gives me pain to see them weep; and sometimes I pretend to be merry, that the poor prisoners may smile too."

"A thought occurs to me, my good man, which I never had before;—that one may be a gaoler, and yet be made of very good materials."

"One's profession is nothing, Signore. Beyond that arch which you see across the court, there is another court and other prisons, all for women. They are, if I must say so, women of bad character. Well, Signore, there are angels among them as to the heart. And, if you were a *secondino*..."

"I?" (and I burst into a laugh.)

Tirola was disconcerted by my laugh, and did not go on. Perhaps he intended to say, that if I had been a *secondino*, it would have been difficult for me not to attach myself to some one of those unfortunate beings.

He asked me what I would have for breakfast. He went out, and a few minutes afterwards brought me some coffee.

I looked steadily in his face, with a significant smile, which meant, "Will you carry a letter

for me to another unhappy man, to my friend Piero?"* And he answered me with another smile, which seemed to say, "No, Signore; and if you address yourself to any one of my companions, who says yes to you, be sure he will betray you."

I am not certain that he understood me, or that I understood him; but I know, that I was ten times upon the point of asking him for a piece of paper and a pencil, and dared not, because there was something in his eyes which seemed to tell me not to confide in any one, and less in others than in him.

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* Piero Maroncelli.

CHAPTER V.

If Tirola, with his expression of good humor, had not also had something knavish in his looks, if he had had a more ingenuous physiognomy, I should have yielded to the temptation of making him my ambassador; and perhaps, if my letter had reached my friend in time, it might have enabled him to repair some mistake, and thus, perhaps, have saved, not himself, poor fellow, for too much was already discovered respecting him, but several others and myself.

Patience! it was destined that things should be as they were.

I was summoned again to the examination; and this lasted all that day, and several others, with no interval except that of dinner.

While the examination continued, the days flew rapidly by, so great was the mental exercise in the interminable replies to such various queries, and in collecting my thoughts at the dinner hour and in the evening, in order to reflect upon all that I had been asked, and what

I had answered, and upon all the subjects, about which I should probably yet be interrogated.

At the end of the first week, a painful circumstance occurred. My poor friend Piero, as desirous as I was, that we should have some communication, sent me a letter, and made use, not of one of the *secondini*, but of an unfortunate prisoner, who came into our rooms with them to perform some menial services. He was a man between sixty and seventy years old, condemned to I know not how many months of imprisonment.

With a pin, which I had, I pricked my finger, wrote a few lines in reply with my blood, and gave it to the messenger. He had the ill fortune to be discovered and searched ; my letter was found upon him, and, if I mistake not, he was beaten. I heard loud cries, which seemed to me to come from the miserable old man, and I saw him no more.

When I was called to the examination, I shuddered at the sight of my letter scrawled with blood, which, thanks to Heaven, contained nothing that could injure any one, and had the appearance of being a simple salutation. I was asked, with what I had drawn blood, the pin was

taken from me, and we were laughed at as outwitted. Ah! I did not laugh; I could not remove from before my eyes the image of the old messenger. I would willingly have suffered any punishment, provided they would have pardoned him; and when those cries reached me, which I supposed to be his, my heart was filled with anguish.

In vain I repeatedly asked the gaoler and the *secondini* about him. They shook their heads and said, "He has paid dear for it; he will never do so again; he enjoys a little more rest." They would not explain themselves further.

Did they mean that the unhappy man was closely imprisoned, or did they speak thus because he had died under the beating, or in consequence of it?

One day I thought I saw him on the other side of the court under the portico, with a faggot of wood upon his shoulders. My heart beat, as if I had seen a brother.

CHAPTER VI.

When I was no longer tormented by the examination, and had no longer any thing to occupy my days, I bitterly felt the weight of solitude.

I was indeed permitted to have a Bible and Dante, and the library of the gaoler was placed at my disposal, consisting of some romances of Scuderi, Piazzi, and others still worse; but my mind was too much agitated to be able to apply itself to any reading whatever. Every day I learnt a canto of Dante by heart; but this exercise was so mechanical, that, while I was performing it, I thought less of the verses than of my misfortunes. The same was the case whatever I read, excepting occasionally some passages in the Bible. This divine book, which I had always loved much, even when I thought myself an unbeliever, I now studied with more respect than ever. Nevertheless, in spite of my will, I often read it with my thoughts wandering, and without receiving its meaning. But by degrees I became able to meditate upon it more intently, and with constantly increasing interest.

Such reading never produced in me the smallest tendency to bigotry; I mean to that ignorant devotion, which renders one pusillanimous or fanatical. But it taught me to love God and man, to desire more and more earnestly the reign of justice, and to abhor sin, while I pardoned the sinner. Christianity, instead of destroying any good dispositions, which philosophy had formed in me, confirmed and animated them by more elevated and more powerful motives.

One day, having read that we ought to pray continually, and that true prayer is not the muttering over of many words, after the manner of the heathen, but consists in adoring God with sincerity, both in words and in actions, and in so living as to make them the fulfilment of his holy will, I proposed to myself to begin in earnest this unceasing prayer; that is, never to indulge a thought not inspired by the desire of conforming myself to the laws of God.

The forms of prayer I used in adoration were always few; not because I undervalue forms, (on the contrary I believe them to be very useful, to some more, to others less so, in fixing the attention in worship,) but because I feel my-

self so constituted as to be unable to repeat many, without having my thoughts distracted, and forgetting the duty in which I am engaged.

This purpose of always considering myself as in the presence of God, instead of being a fatiguing effort of mind, and exciting my fears, was delightful to me. By remembering that God is always near us, that He is in us, or rather that we are in Him, solitude became daily less terrible to me. "Have I not the most excellent society?" I used to say. And I became cheerful; I sung and whistled with pleasure and tender emotion.

"Well!" thought I, "might not a fever have seized me, and carried me to the tomb? All my dear friends, who would have given themselves up to grief for my loss, would yet have gradually become resigned to seeing me no more. Instead of a tomb, a prison swallows me up; ought I not to believe that God will afford them equal strength?"

My heart offered the most fervent prayers for them, sometimes accompanied with tears; but even my tears were mingled with agreeable feelings. I had full faith that God would sustain both them and me. I did not deceive myself.

CHAPTER VII.

It is much more agreeable to be at liberty than to be in prison. Who can doubt it? Yet, even in the miseries of a prison, life may pass not without enjoyment, when we think that God is present with us, that the pleasures of the world are fleeting, and that true good is to be found in the conscience, not in outward objects. In less than a month, I had settled my course of action, I will not say entirely, but in a good degree. I perceived, that as I did not choose to purchase impunity by the ruin of others, my fate must be the gibbet, or a long imprisonment. It was necessary that I should reconcile myself to it. "I shall breathe," said I, "as long as I am permitted, and when my breath is taken from me, it will be with me as with all who labor under disease, when their last moment arrives; I shall die."

I endeavoured to complain of nothing, and to give my soul every enjoyment in my power. My most common pleasure was, to renew the remembrance of the blessings which had glad-

dened my days; the best of fathers, the best of mothers, excellent brothers and sisters, my various friends, a good education, the love of letters, &c. To whom had more happiness been granted than to me? Why should I not thank God for it, although it was now tempered with misfortune? Sometimes, when I made this enumeration, my heart was softened, and I wept for a moment; but my courage and cheerfulness soon returned.

I had very early acquired a friend. It was not the gaoler, nor one of the *secondini*, nor any of my examiners. Yet I speak of a human being. Who was it? A boy five or six years old, who was deaf and dumb. His father and mother were thieves, and had suffered the penalty of the law. The wretched orphan was maintained by the police, with several other children in similar circumstances. They all lived in a room in front of mine, and at certain hours their door was opened, that they might come out to take the air in the court.

The deaf and dumb boy came under my window, smiled at me, and gesticulated. I threw him a large piece of bread; he took it, jumped for joy, ran to his companions, gave some

of it to each of them, and then came to eat his portion of it near my window, expressing his gratitude by the smile of his beautiful eyes.

The other children looked at me from a distance, but did not dare to approach; the deaf and dumb child had a great sympathy for me, and not wholly from interested motives. Sometimes he knew not what to do with the bread that I threw to him, and made signs to me that he and his companions had eaten enough, and could eat no more. If he saw a *secondino* coming into my room, he gave him the bread to take back to me. Although he then expected nothing from me, he continued to play about the window with a charming grace, delighted by my looking at him. A *secondino* once permitted the boy to come into my cell. He had scarcely entered, when he ran to embrace my knees, uttering a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and the eagerness with which he loaded me with caresses is indescribable. How much love was in that dear little soul! How I wished I could educate him, and save him from the degraded state in which he was.

I never knew his name; he himself did not know that he had one. He was always happy;

I never saw him cry but once, when he was beaten, I know not why, by the gaoler. What a strange thing! To live in such a place seems the height of misfortune; yet that boy certainly enjoyed as much happiness, as he could have done at his age, had he been the son of a prince. I reflected on this, and learned, that it is possible to make our state of mind independent of place. Let us govern the imagination, and we shall be well almost everywhere. A day is soon passed, and at night, if we lie down without hunger, or acute pain, of what consequence is it whether our bed is between the walls of what is called a prison, or of what is called a house or a palace?

Excellent reasoning! but how is the imagination to be governed? I have tried to do it, and truly I have sometimes thought I succeeded wonderfully; but at other times it resumed its tyranny, and, vexed with myself, I was astonished at my weakness.

CHAPTER VIII.

"In my unhappy condition, I am so far fortunate," said I, "that a cell has been given me on the ground floor, looking out upon this court, where that dear boy, with whom I have so much pleasure in talking by signs, can come within a few steps of me. Wonderful human intelligence! How many things we say to each other, by means of the infinitely various expressions of the eyes and other features! How graceful are his motions, when I smile upon him! How he corrects them, when he sees that they displease me! How he understands that I love him, when he caresses or makes a present to one of his companions! No one in the world imagines it; yet I, standing at my window, am able to be a kind of instructer to that poor little creature. By repeating our interchange of signs, we shall perfect the communication of our ideas. The more he perceives that he is instructed and improved by me, the more he will be attached to me. I shall be to him the genius of reason and goodness; he will learn to confide to me

his sorrows, his pleasures, his desires ; I shall learn how to console, to elevate, to direct him in all his conduct. Who knows whether, my fate remaining undecided from month to month, I may not be left to grow old here ? Who knows but this boy may grow up under my eyes, and may be employed in some service in this house ? With so much talent as he shows, who can tell what he may become ? Alas ! nothing more than an excellent *secondino*, or something similar. Well, shall I not have done a good deed, if I shall have contributed to inspire him with the desire of obtaining the approbation of good men and his own, and to give him the habit of affectionate sentiments ? ”

This soliloquy was very natural. I had always felt a great interest in children, and the office of an instructer appeared to me sublime. I had filled this office for some years towards Giacomo and Giulio Porro,* two young boys of great promise, whom I loved, and always shall love, as my sons. God knows how many times I thought of them in my prison ! how much I was distressed that I could not complete their

* The sons of Count Luigi Porro, who is mentioned afterwards.

education! how ardently I desired, that they might find another master, who would feel equal affection for them! Sometimes I exclaimed to myself; "What a wretched parody this is! Instead of Giacomo and Giulio, youths adorned with all that nature and fortune can give, I have for my pupil a poor deaf and dumb child, in rags, the son of a thief!... who at the very best will become a *secondino*, or, in less elegant language, a *sbirro*."

These reflections confounded and disturbed me. But scarcely did I hear the shrill cry of my little mute before my blood was stirred, as a father's, who hears the voice of his child. And that cry and his appearance dissipated every thought of his meanness. "And is it his fault," thought I, "if he is ragged, and imperfect in his senses, and belongs to a race of thieves? A human soul at the age of innocence is always to be respected." Thus I regarded him every day with more affection. It appeared to me that he increased in intelligence, and I was confirmed in the agreeable project of applying myself to his improvement; and, fancying all possibilities, I thought that perhaps I should one day be released from prison, and might find means to place this boy in the school for the deaf and

dumb, and thus open to him the way to a happier fortune than that of being a *sbirro*.

One day, while occupied thus delightfully with projects for his good, two *secondini* came to take me away.

"You must change your lodging, Signore."

"What do you mean?"

"It is ordered that you should be removed to another room."

"Why?"

"Some other great bird has been caught, and this being the best room . . . you understand . . ."

"I understand; this is the first resting-place for new comers."

And they carried me to a room on the opposite side of the court, but, alas! not on the lower floor, nor where I could converse with the little mute. Passing through the court, I saw that dear boy seated on the ground, confounded, and sad; he comprehended that he was about to lose me. In an instant he got up, and ran to meet me. The *secondini* would have driven him away; I took him in my arms, and, dirty as he was, I kissed him tenderly again and again, and separated myself from him — should I tell it? — my eyes streaming with tears.

CHAPTER IX.

My poor heart, loving so readily and so warmly, to how many separations hast thou been already doomed! This was certainly not the least sorrowful; and I felt it the more, as my new lodging was very dismal. It was a miserable chamber, dark and gloomy, with paper instead of glass in the window, and the walls polluted with vile, colored daubings, I dare not say of what. In the places which were not painted, were inscriptions. Many simply told the name and the country of some unhappy man, with the date of the sad day of his arrest. Others added exclamations against false friends, against the writer himself, against a mistress, against the judge, &c. Some were compends of autobiography, and some contained moral sentences. There were these words of Pascal:

"Let those who attack religion, at least learn what it is, before attacking it. If this religion boasted of having a clear, unveiled view of God, it would be attacking it to say, that *we see nothing in the world which manifests Him with such distinctness.* But since it says, on the contrary,

that men are in darkness and removed from God, that he hides himself from their knowledge, and that even the name he gives himself in the Scriptures is *Deus absconditus* (the hidden God) ; what advantage can they gain, when, with the negligence which they profess in the search after truth, they exclaim, that nothing shows them the truth ? "

Underneath were written these words from the same author :

"This is not a point of slight interest, which concerns a person indifferent to us ; it concerns ourselves, and our whole existence. The immortality of the soul is something so important to us, and touches us so deeply, that we must have lost all feeling, to be indifferent to the knowledge of what relates to it."

In another place was :

"I bless the prison, since it has made me know the ingratitude of men, my own misery, and the goodness of God."

By the side of these humble words, were the most violent and haughty imprecations, by one, who called himself an atheist, and who vented his passion against God, as if he had forgotten that he had said there was no God.

After a column of such blasphemies, followed another, reviling those mean spirits, so he called them, whom the misfortune of imprisonment made religious.

I showed this wickedness to one of the *secondini*, and asked him who had written it. "I am glad to have found that writing," said he; "there are so many of them, and I have so little time to look for them!"

And without saying more, he began to scratch the wall with a knife to erase it.

"Why do you do that?" said I.

"Because the poor devil who wrote it, being condemned to die for premeditated murder, repented, and sent to beg me to do him this kindness."

"God pardon him!" exclaimed I. "What was the murder?"

"Not being able to kill his enemy, he avenged himself by killing his son, the most beautiful boy in the world."

I shuddered. — Can ferocity go so far? And such a monster held the insulting language of a man superior to all human weakness! To kill an innocent being! a child!

CHAPTER X.

In my new room, so dark and so filthy, deprived of the company of the dear deaf and dumb child, I was oppressed by sadness. I remained many hours at the window, which looked out upon a gallery, and beyond the gallery I saw the extremity of the court and the window of my former room. Who had succeeded me? I saw there a man walking about rapidly, like one full of agitation. Two or three days afterwards, I observed that he was furnished with materials for writing, and then he remained sitting all day at the table.

At last I recognised him. He went out of his room, accompanied by the gaoler; he was going to the examination. It was Melchiorre Gioja.*

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* Melchiorre Gioja, born at Placentia, a distinguished writer, particularly on subjects of political economy. In consequence of suspicions of illegal correspondence, he was imprisoned in 1820 for nine months. His principal works are, *Nuovo Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche*, (A New View of the Economical Sciences), *Trattato del Merito e delle*

My heart was oppressed. "Thou, too, eminent man, art thou here!" (He was more fortunate than myself. After some months' detention he was set at liberty.)

The sight of any good being consoles me, it excites my affections, it makes me think. Ah! to think, and to love, are great blessings! I would have given my life to save Gioja from prison; yet to see him was a comfort to me.

After having watched him for a long time, conjecturing from his motions whether his mind were tranquil or disturbed, and forming wishes for his welfare, I felt greater strength, greater abundance of ideas, greater satisfaction with myself. This shows, that the sight of a human being whom we love, is sufficient to mitigate the pains of solitude. A poor little dumb boy had

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Ricompense (A treatise upon Merit and Rewards), *Delle Ingiurie e dei Danni* (Of Injuries and Damages), *Filosofia della Statistica* (The Philosophy of Statistics), *Ideologia e Esercizio Logico* (Ideology and the Art of Logic), *Delle Manifatture* (Of Manufactures), *Del Divorzio* (Of Divorce), *Elementi di Filosofia* (Elements of Philosophy), *Nuovo Galateo* (New Galateo), *Qual Governo convenga all'Italia?* (What government is suitable for Italy?)

He died in January, 1829.

first procured me this benefit, and I was now indebted for it to the distant sight of a man of great merit.

Perhaps some *secondino* told him where I was. One morning, upon opening his window, he waved his handkerchief as a salutation. I answered him by the same sign. Oh! what pleasure flowed in upon my soul at that moment! It seemed to me as if the distance had vanished, as if we were together. My heart beat like a lover's, when he sees his mistress. We made gestures without understanding each other, and with the same earnestness as if we had; I may rather say, we really did understand each other; those gestures meant all that our souls felt, and the one was not ignorant of the other's emotions.

What a comfort I thought those salutations would be in future! And the future came, but they were never repeated! Every time that I afterwards saw Gioja at the window, I waved my handkerchief. In vain! The *secondino* told me, that he had been prohibited from exciting me to make signs, and from replying to them. Still, however, I often looked at him and he looked at me, and thus we said many things to each other.

CHAPTER XI.

Upon the gallery that was under my window, on the same level with my cell, other prisoners, attended by *secondini*, passed and repassed from morning till night, going to and returning from the examinations. The greater part belonged to the lower classes. I saw some, however, who appeared of better condition. Although they passed so quickly, that I could not fix my eyes upon them long, yet they attracted my attention, and all of them more or less affected me. This sad spectacle at first increased my sufferings; but by degrees I became accustomed to it, and at last it even diminished the horror of my solitude.

I saw, likewise, many women, who had been arrested, going by. From this gallery there was a passage through an arch to another court, where were the prisons and hospitals for females. A single wall, and that very thin, divided me from one of the rooms of the women. Often these poor creatures almost stunned me with their songs, sometimes with their quarrels.

Late in the evening, when all was still, I heard them talk.

If I had wished to join in their conversation, I could have done it. But I abstained, I know not why. Was it through timidity? or pride? or through a prudent care not to attach myself to degraded women? It must have been from all these motives. Woman, when she is what she should be, is in my eyes a being so sublime! — to see her, to hear her, to speak to her, enriches my mind with noble images. But if she be debased and contemptible, she disturbs and afflicts me, she banishes all poetry from my heart.

But . . . (*but* is indispensable in describing human nature, so mixed as it is,) some of those female voices were sweet, and those, — why should I not say it? — were dear to me. And one was more sweet than the others, was heard less frequently, and never uttered vulgar thoughts. She sung little, and for the most part only these two pathetic lines:

"Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità?" *

* "Who will restore to the wretched her happiness?"

Sometimes she sang the Litany. Her companions accompanied her; but I had the power of distinguishing the voice of Maddalena from those of the others, though they seemed determined to prevent me from hearing it.

Yes, that unfortunate being was named Maddalena. When her companions related their troubles, she pitied them, and sighed, and said: "Take courage, my dear; the Lord never forsakes any one."

What could prevent me from imagining that she was beautiful, and more unfortunate than culpable, born for virtue, and capable of returning to it, if she had swerved from it? Who could blame me, if I were affected by the sound of her voice, if I listened to her with respectful interest, if I prayed for her with peculiar fervor?

Innocence is to be honored; but how much is repentance to be honored also! Did the best of men, the God-man, disdain to cast his compassionate looks upon sinful women, to regard their confusion, and to associate them with the souls whom he most honored? Why, then, should we so much despise a woman who has fallen into ignominy?

Reasoning thus, I was a hundred times tempted to raise my voice, and make a declaration of fraternal love to Maddalena. Once I began the first syllable of her name; "Mad!..." Strange! my heart beat, as if I were a boy of fifteen in love; and yet I was thirty-one, which is no longer the age of childish palpitations.

I could go no further. I began again: "Mad!...Mad!"...but it was useless. I thought myself ridiculous, and exclaimed angrily, "*Matto*!* and not Mad!"

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* Insane.

CHAPTER XII.

Thus ended my romance with this poor woman, except that I was indebted to her for very pleasing emotions for several weeks. I was often melancholy, and her voice cheered me: often, when I thought of the vileness and ingratitude of men, I was exasperated against them, I hated the whole world, and the voice of Maddalena served to bring me back to compassion and indulgence.

"Mayst thou, O unknown sinner, not have been condemned to a heavy punishment! Or, to whatever punishment thou hast been condemned, mayst thou profit by it, to recover thy worth, and live and die dear to the Lord! Mayst thou be compassionated and respected by all who know thee, as thou hast been by me, who know thee not! Mayst thou inspire, in every one who sees thee, patience, gentleness, the desire of virtue, and trust in God, as thou hast in him who loves thee, without having seen thee! My fancy may err, when it paints thee beautiful in person, but I cannot doubt the beauty of thy

soul. Thy companions spoke with coarseness, thou with modesty and courtesy ; they blasphemed, and thou didst bless God ; they quarrelled, and thou wert the composer of their strife. If any one has taken thee by the hand, to withdraw thee from the career of dishonor ; if he has conferred benefits on thee with delicacy ; if he has dried thy tears, may all blessings be showered upon him, upon his children, and upon his children's children ! "

Contiguous to mine, was a cell inhabited by several men. I heard their voices also. One of them had authority over the others, not perhaps from any superiority of condition, but through greater fluency and boldness. He played, as we say, the school-master. He battled with those who opposed him, and put them to silence by his imperious tones and his violent language ; he told them what they must think and feel, and, after some resistance, they ended by yielding to him in every thing.

Unhappy men ! not one of them softened the horrors of prison by expressing any gentle sentiment whatever ; any sentiment of religion or of love !

The leader of these neighbours of mine saluted me, and I answered him. He asked me how I passed *this cursed life.* I told him, that, although sad, no life was a cursed one to me, and that, even till death, we should endeavour to enjoy the pleasures of thinking and loving.

"Explain yourself, Signore, explain yourself."

I did explain, and was not understood. And when, after some ingenious preparatory circumlocution, I had the courage to allude, by way of example, to the tenderness which Maddalena's voice awakened in me, the leader burst into a shout of laughter.

"What is it? What is it?" cried his companions. The scoffer repeated and burlesqued my words; their laughter broke forth in full chorus, and I appeared to them an arrant fool.

It happens in prison as in the world. Those who consider it wise to be angry, and to complain, and to despise others, think it folly to be compassionate, to love, and to console one's self with agreeable images, which honor humanity and its Author.

CHAPTER XIII.

I SUFFERED them to laugh, and did not utter a syllable. My neighbours addressed themselves to me two or three times; but I remained silent.

"He will be no more at the window; — he has gone off; — he will lend his ear to the sighs of Maddalena; — he is offended by our laughter."

Thus they went on talking for a little while; till, at last, the leader imposed silence upon the rest, who were amusing themselves at my expense.

"Be silent, brutes; you do not know what you are saying. Our neighbour is not such an ass as you take him to be. You are not capable of reflecting upon any thing. I laugh, but then I reflect. All brutal villains know how to play the bravo, as we do. A little more gentle cheerfulness, a little more charity, a little more faith in the goodness of Heaven, — what do you sincerely think this would be a proof of?"

"Now that I also reflect," replied one, "it

seems to me a proof of being somewhat less of a brute."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the leader with a Stentorian shout; "this time I begin to have some respect for your noddle."

I was not very proud of being reputed only *somewhat less of a brute* than themselves; but I experienced a degree of pleasure, that those unhappy men had changed their minds with regard to the importance of cultivating benevolent sentiments.

I moved the window-frame as if I had just returned to it. The captain called to me. I answered, hoping that he had a desire to moralize after my fashion. I was deceived. Vulgar minds avoid serious reasoning; if a noble truth shines upon them, they are capable of applauding it for an instant, but their attention is quickly turned from it, and they cannot resist the desire of making a display of their sagacity by casting doubt and scorn upon it.

He afterwards asked me if I was in prison for debt.

"No."

"Perhaps accused of knavery? I mean falsely accused, you know."

"I am accused of something quite different."

"A love affair ? "

"No."

"Of murder ? "

"No."

"Of being a *carbonaro* ? "

"Just so."

"And what are those *carbonari* ? "

"I know so little of them, I cannot tell you."

A *secondino* interrupted us very angrily ; and, after having loaded my neighbour with reproaches, he turned to me with the gravity, not of a *sbirro*, but of a master, and said, — "Shame, Signore ! for you to condescend to talk with all sorts of people ! Do you know, that those men are thieves ? "

I blushed, and then blushed for having blushed ; and it seemed to me, that to condescend to talk with every class of unhappy men was rather an act of goodness, than a fault.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning I went to the window, to see Melchiorre Gioja, but I conversed no more with the thieves. I replied to their salutation, and said that I had been forbidden to speak to them.

The notary who had examined me came, and announced, with an air of mystery, a visit which would give me pleasure ; and when he thought he had sufficiently prepared me for it, he said, "In short, it is your father ; follow me, if you please."

I followed him below into the public offices, agitated with pleasure and with tenderness, and forcing myself to appear with a serene aspect, which might tranquillize my poor father.

When he heard of my arrest, he hoped that it was upon some unfounded suspicion, and that I should soon be released. But finding that my detention continued, he had come to solicit my liberation of the Austrian government. Sad illusion of paternal love ! He could not believe that I had been so rash, as to expose myself to

the rigor of the laws ; and the studied cheerfulness, with which I spoke to him, persuaded him that I had no misfortune to apprehend.

The short interview that was allowed us, agitated me indescribably ; the more, as I suppressed every appearance of agitation. It was most difficult to conceal it, when it was necessary for us to separate.

In the circumstances in which Italy then was, I felt certain that Austria would give some extraordinary examples of rigor, and that I should be condemned to death, or to many years of imprisonment. To hide this belief from a father ! to flatter him with the hope of my speedy liberation ! to restrain my tears, when I embraced him, when I spoke to him of my mother, of my brothers and my sisters, whom I thought never to behold again upon earth ! to beg him, with an unfaltering voice, to come and see me again, if he were able ! Nothing ever cost me so much effort.

He went away greatly comforted, and I returned to my cell with a tortured heart. As soon as I was alone, I hoped to find relief by abandoning myself to weeping. This solace failed. I broke out into sobs, and could not

shed a tear. It is a cruel misfortune to be unable to weep in severe distress; and oh! how many times have I experienced it!

A burning fever attacked me, accompanied by a violent headache. I swallowed not even a spoonful of soup the whole day. "Would this were a mortal illness," said I, "that would shorten my sufferings!"

Foolish and cowardly wish! God did not grant it, and now I thank him that he did not. I thank him, not only because, after ten years of imprisonment, I have again seen my dear family, and may call myself happy; but also because man gains strength through his sufferings, and I hope mine have not been useless to me.

CHAPTER XV.

Two days afterwards my father returned. I had slept well during the night, and was free from fever. I resumed my easy and cheerful deportment; and no one suspected what my heart had suffered, and was yet to suffer.

"I trust," said my father, "that in a few days you will be sent to Turin. We have already prepared your room, and shall expect you with great anxiety. My official duties oblige me to return. Endeavour, I pray you, to join me soon."

My heart was torn by his tender and melancholy expressions of affection. It seemed to me, that filial piety required dissimulation, yet I dissembled with a kind of remorse. Would it not have been more worthy of my father and of myself, if I had said to him; "Probably we shall see each other no more in this world! Let us part like men, without murmuring, without tears; and let me hear a father's blessing pronounced upon my head!"

This language would have been a thousand times more agreeable to me than disguise. But

I looked upon the eyes of that venerable old man, his features, and his grey hairs, and he did not appear to me to have the strength to hear me speak thus.

And what if, through my unwillingness to deceive him, I had seen him abandon himself to despair, perhaps fall into a swoon, perhaps (horrible idea !) be struck with death in my arms !

I could neither tell him the truth, nor suffer him to perceive it. My assumed tranquillity entirely deluded him. We parted without tears. But when I returned to my cell, I was tortured as before, if not more severely ; and still in vain did I pray for power to weep.

To resign myself to all the horrors of a long imprisonment, to resign myself to a public execution, was within my power ; but to be resigned to the thought of the overwhelming grief which my father, mother, brothers, and sisters would feel, my strength was not equal to it.

I prostrated myself upon the ground, and, with a fervor which I had never felt before, uttered this prayer :

" My God, I accept all things from thy hand ; but so marvellously strengthen the hearts of those to whom I was necessary, that I may cease to be so to them ; and suffer not the life of any one

of them to be shortened for a day on my account."

Oh! the blessing of prayer! I remained many hours with my mind raised to God. My faith increased in proportion as I meditated upon the divine goodness, and upon the greatness of the human soul, when it puts off its selfishness, and strives to have no other will but the will of Infinite Wisdom.

Yes, this is possible! this is the duty of man! Reason, which is the voice of God, teaches us, that all else must be sacrificed to virtue. And would the sacrifice which we owe to virtue be complete, if, in the most trying situations, we should struggle against the will of Him, who is the source of all virtue?

When the gibbet, or any other cruel death, is inevitable, to regard it with cowardly fear, to be unable to meet even this, blessing the Lord, is a sign of miserable degradation or ignorance. And it is not only necessary to be resigned to one's own death, but to the affliction which those who are dear to us may experience from it. We are permitted only to ask of God, that he would temper their sufferings, and give strength to us all. Such a prayer is ever heard.

CHAPTER XVI.

Some days passed, and I remained in the same state, that is, in a sweet sadness, full of peace and of religious thoughts. I seemed to have triumphed over every weakness, and to be no more accessible to any disquietude. Foolish illusion! Man should strive for perfect constancy, but he never attains it upon earth. What disturbed me? The sight of an unhappy friend, the sight of my good Piero, who passed along the gallery only a few steps from me, while I was at the window. He had been taken from his room to be carried to the criminal cells.

He, and those who accompanied him, passed so quickly, that I had scarcely time to recognise him, and to exchange one sign of salutation.

Unhappy young man! in the flower of his age, with talents of splendid promise, with an upright, refined, and most affectionate character, formed for the highest enjoyment of life, he had been thrown into prison for political causes,

at a time when it was certain he could not avoid the severest sentence of the laws.

I felt such compassion for him, such grief that I could not deliver him, that I could not at least comfort him with my presence and with my words, that nothing availed to restore me to any degree of calmness. I knew how much he loved his mother, his brother, his sisters, his brother-in-law, and his nephews; how much he longed to contribute to their happiness, and how much he was beloved in return by all those dear objects of his affection. I felt what must be the affliction of every one of them at such a calamity. There are no words to express the phrensy, which then seized me; and this phrensy continued so long, that I despaired of ever becoming tranquil.

Yet this fear too was an illusion. Oh! you who are afflicted, who believe yourselves to be the victims of some inevitable, horrid, ever-increasing wretchedness, have patience for a little while, and you will be undeceived! Neither perfect peace, nor extreme distress, can long endure here below. We should be persuaded of this truth, that we may not be lifted up in the hours of happiness, nor cast down in those of trouble.

Weariness and apathy succeeded to this long-continued excitement. But not even apathy is lasting, and I feared I should from this time alternate without respite between this and the opposite extreme. I was terrified at the prospect of such a future, and again had recourse to earnest prayer.

I asked God to give strength to my unhappy friend Piero as well as to myself, and to his family as well as to my own. It was only by repeating these supplications, that I was able truly to tranquillize myself.

CHAPTER XVII.

But when my spirit was calmed, I reflected upon the excessive agitation I had suffered ; and, angry with myself for my weakness, I studied how it might be prevented. To attain this end, I availed myself of the following expedient. Every morning, after a short homage to the Creator, my first occupation was to make a diligent and courageous review of every possible event, likely to affect me deeply. Upon each one I steadily fixed my imagination, and prepared myself for it. I imagined every thing ; — from the visits of dear friends, to the visit of the executioner. This sad exercise seemed for some days insupportable ; but I resolved to persevere, and in a short time it gave me satisfaction.

On New-Year's day, 1821, Count Luigi Porro* obtained permission to visit me. The

* Count Luigi Porro was one of the most eminent individuals in Milan. He was distinguished by the zeal and liberality, with which he promoted literature and the arts.

tender and warm friendship which subsisted between us, the many things we had to say, the restraint imposed upon our conversation by the presence of a notary, the too short time we were allowed to be together, the mournful presentiments which distressed me, the efforts which we both made to appear tranquil, all this I thought must throw me into the most terrible agitation. But when separated from that dear friend, I felt calm; affected, but calm.

So much may be gained, by fortifying one's self against strong emotions.

My resolution of acquiring a constant calmness did not arise so much from a desire of lessening my unhappiness, as from a conviction that agitation of mind is base and unworthy of man. An agitated mind loses the power of judging correctly; involved in an irresistible

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Having early discovered the good dispositions of young Pellico, he received him into his house, as the tutor of his sons; but always considered him rather as his intimate friend, than as a dependent. Count Porro fell under the suspicion of the Austrian government. He took refuge in a foreign country (at Marseilles), and was twice condemned to death, on the ground of *contumacy*, first as a *carbonaro*, afterwards as a conspirator.

whirl of exaggerated ideas, it reasons foolishly, wildly, and malignantly ; it is in a state wholly antiphilosophical and antichristian.

Were I a preacher, I should often insist on the necessity of banishing agitation ; we can be good upon no other terms. How entirely at peace with himself and with others was He, whom we should all imitate. There is no greatness of mind, there is no justice, without well-governed thoughts, without a disposition tending rather to smile, than to be irritated, at the events of this short life. Anger is of no use, except in those very rare cases, when we may hope by its means to humble an evil-doer, and to withdraw him from iniquity.

Perhaps there may be disordered states of mind different from those I have known, and less to be condemned. But that, which till then had made me its slave, did not proceed from affliction alone. It was always mingled with much hatred, a great desire to speak evil, and to represent society or some individual in the most execrable colors. It is the epidemic disease of the world. Men rise in their own estimation by abhorring others. All friends seem to say in each other's ears : "Let us love on-

ly one another. By proclaiming that all beside are a mob of rascals, we shall appear like demi-gods."

What a curious fact, that to live in the indulgence of angry passion is so agreeable! It is thought a species of heroism. If the person against whom we raved yesterday is dead, immediate search is made for another. "Of whom shall I complain to-day? Whom shall I hate? Shall *he* be the monster? Oh! joy! I have found him. Come, my friends, let us tear him to pieces!"

So goes the world; and without slandering it, I may well say, that it goes ill.

CHAPTER XVIII.

There was not much malignity in complaining of the horrors of the room in which I had been placed. By good fortune a better one stood vacant, and I was agreeably surprised by having it given to me.

Ought I not to have been highly gratified with this intelligence? But so it is, I could not think of Maddalena without regret. What childishness! to be always attaching myself to something, and that too, without very strong reasons! As I was leaving that miserable room, I looked back towards the wall, on which I had so often leaned, while, scarcely a hand's breadth distant, the unhappy sinner was resting on the other side. I could have wished to hear once more those two pathetic lines:

"Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità?"

Vain regret! Here was another separation in my unfortunate life! I will not dwell upon it, that I may not be laughed at; but it would be

hypocrisy not to confess that I was sad on this account for many days.

As I was going away, I saluted two of the poor thieves, my neighbours, who were at the window. Their captain was not there ; but, being informed by his companions, he appeared also, and saluted me in return. He then began to hum the air, "*Chi rende alla meschina.*" Did he mean to ridicule me ? I will venture to say, that if fifty persons were asked this question, forty-nine would answer, "Yes." But notwithstanding such a majority of voices, I incline to believe that the good thief meant to offer me a civility. I received it as such, was grateful to him for it, and gave him another glance ; and he, extending his arms beyond the iron bars with his cap in his hand, made another signal to me, just as I turned to descend the stairs.

When I was in the court, I had one consolation. The little deaf and dumb boy was under the portico ; he saw me, recognised me, and would have run to meet me. The wife of the gaoler, — who knows why ? — caught him by the collar, and drove him into the house. I was sorry that I could not embrace him ; but his springing forward to run to me, gave me a

delightful emotion. So sweet a thing is it to be loved!

This was a day of great adventures. A few steps further on, I came near the window of my former room, which Gioja now occupied. "Good day, Melchiorre!" said I, as I passed. He raised his head, and darting towards me, cried out, "Good day, Silvio!"

Alas! I was not permitted to stop one moment. I turned under the great gate, ascended a staircase, and was placed in a clean cell over that of Gioja.

A bed having been brought, and I being left alone by the *secondini*, my first business was to examine the walls. There were several memorials written upon them, some with a pencil, others with coal, and others with some pointed instrument. I found two pleasing French stanzas, which I now regret that I did not commit to memory. They were signed, "The Duke of Normandy." I undertook to sing them, adapting them as well as I could to the air of my poor Maddalena, and was surprised to hear some one very near sing them to another air. When he had finished, I exclaimed, "Bravo!" and he

greeted me politely, asking me if I were a Frenchman.

"No; I am an Italian, and my name is Silvio Pellico."

"The author of *Francesca da Rimini*?"

"The same."

And then followed a polite compliment, and the natural condolences, upon learning that I was in prison.

He asked me of what part of Italy I was a native.

"Of Piedmont," said I. "I was born in Saluzzo."

Here followed another polite compliment upon the character and genius of the Piedmontese; and he particularly mentioned the great men of Saluzzo, especially Bodoni.*

These few words of praise were happily expressed, as by a person of good education.

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* The Cavalier Giovanni Bodoni was one of the most celebrated of modern printers. He was instructed in his art, and in the Oriental languages, at the College of the Propaganda at Rome. He went thence to the royal printing-house at Parma, and had the direction of it until the year 1813, when he died.

"Now, Signore," said I, "may I be permitted to ask who you are?"

"You have sung one of my little songs."

"Are those two beautiful stanzas, which are upon the wall, yours?"

"Yes, Signore."

"You are then . . ."

"The unhappy Duke of Normandy."

CHAPTER XIX.

The guard passed under our windows, and compelled us to be silent.

"What unhappy Duke of Normandy?" thought I within myself. "Is not that the title which was given to the son of Louis the Sixteenth? But that poor boy is undoubtedly dead. — Well, my neighbour, I must conclude, is one of those unfortunate persons, who have endeavoured to bring him to life again.

"Heretofore several have set themselves up for Louis the Seventeenth, and have been discovered to be impostors; what greater credit ought this man to obtain?"

Although I endeavoured to remain in doubt, I felt an invincible incredulity, which never was removed; nevertheless I determined not to mortify the unhappy man, whatever fable he might relate to me.

A few minutes afterwards he began to sing again; then we recommenced our conversation.

To my questions concerning him, he replied, that he really was Louis the Seventeenth, and

went on to declaim strongly against Louis the Eighteenth, his uncle, the usurper of his rights.

"But why did you not cause those rights to be acknowledged at the time of the Restoration?"

"I was then dangerously ill at Bologna. I had scarcely recovered, when I hastened to Paris, and presented myself to the Allied Sovereigns; but what was done, was done; my wicked uncle would not acknowledge me; my sister joined with him to oppress me. The good Prince of Condé alone received me with open arms; but his friendship could avail nothing. One night, in the streets of Paris, I was attacked by assassins armed with poniards, and hardly escaped their blows. After having wandered some time in Normandy, I returned to Italy, and fixed myself at Modena. Thence I wrote frequently to the monarchs of Europe, and particularly to the Emperor Alexander, who replied to me with the greatest politeness, so that I did not despair of finally obtaining justice; or, if through political motives they chose to set aside my rights to the throne of France, that they would at least assign me a decent maintenance. But I was arrested, carried to the

frontiers of the Duchy of Modena, and consigned to the Austrian government. Now, for eight months I have been buried here, and God knows when I shall be released."

I did not give credit to all that he said; but that he was buried there was indeed true, and it inspired me with a lively feeling of compassion.

I requested him to give me a brief account of his life. He related to me minutely all the particulars which I already knew with regard to Louis the Seventeenth;—how they placed him with that wretch, Simon the shoemaker; how they prevailed upon him to utter an infamous calumny against the character of the poor queen his mother, &c. &c. Finally, he said, that, while he was in prison, some persons came by night, to take him away; a stupid boy, named Mathurin, was put in his place; and he was carried off. A carriage and four was in the street; one of the horses being a wooden machine, in which he was concealed. They reached the Rhine in safety, and passed the frontier. The general . . . (he told me his name, but I have forgotten it) who liberated him, behaved towards him for some time as an instructer and a

father, and then either sent or took him to America. There the young king, without a kingdom, met with various adventures; he suffered hunger in the deserts; he became a soldier; at one time he lived happily and in esteem at the court of the king of Brazil, but was afterwards slandered, persecuted, and obliged to fly. He returned to Europe about the time of Napoleon's downfall; was detained a prisoner at Naples by Joachim Murat; and when he found himself at liberty, and was on the point of claiming the throne of France, he was attacked at Bologna by that unfortunate illness, during which Louis the Eighteenth was crowned.

CHAPTER XX.

He related this story with a surprising air of truth. I could not believe him, but he excited my admiration. All the facts of the French revolution were quite familiar to him ; he spoke of them with much natural eloquence, and related many curious anecdotes respecting them. There was something soldierlike in his language, but he was not deficient in the elegance which is acquired by intercourse with good society.

"Will you permit me," said I, "to talk to you without ceremony, without using your title?"

"That is what I desire," replied he. "I have at least derived this advantage from misfortune, that I smile at all vanities. I assure you, that I value myself more upon being a man, than upon being a king."

Morning and evening we held long conversations together ; and, in spite of what I considered as *acting* in him, he appeared to me to be naturally good, candid, and desirous of all moral excellence. Many times I was about

to say to him : "Pardon me, I wish to believe that you are Louis the Seventeenth, but I confess to you sincerely that the contrary opinion prevails in my mind ; have the frankness to renounce this fiction." And I ruminated upon a fine lecture I would give him on the futility of every falsehood, even those which seem innocent.

I deferred it from day to day ; I waited till we should become somewhat more intimate with each other, and I never had the courage to execute my plan.

When I reflect upon this want of courage, I sometimes excuse it as necessary urbanity, an honest fear of giving pain, and I know not what beside. But these excuses do not satisfy me ; and I cannot but confess, that I should be better pleased with myself, if I had not stifled my meditated lecture. To pretend to have faith in an imposture is pusillanimity ; it appears to me that I should not do so again.

Yes, it is pusillanimity ! True, in however delicate a preamble it may be involved, it is a harsh thing to say to any one, "I do not believe you." He will be angry ; we shall lose the pleasure of his friendship ; perhaps he will load

us with insults. But any thing we may suffer is to be preferred to the dishonor of falsehood. And perhaps the unfortunate man, even though he may load us with insults, yet, perceiving that his imposture is not credited, will admire our sincerity in secret, and be induced by it to make such reflections, as will lead him to a better course.

The *secondini* inclined to believe that he really was Louis the Seventeenth ; and, having before witnessed so many changes of fortune, did not despair of his one day ascending the throne of France, and remembering their devoted services. Except in favoring his escape, they treated him with all the consideration he desired.

I was indebted to this circumstance for the honor of seeing this great personage. He was of middling stature, from forty to forty-five years old, somewhat corpulent, and of a true Bourbon physiognomy. It is probable, that an accidental likeness to the Bourbons induced him to play the wretched part he had assumed.

CHAPTER XXI.

I MUST accuse myself of another instance of unworthy regard to human opinion. My neighbour was not an atheist ; he sometimes spoke of religious sentiments like a man who prizes them, and is not a stranger to them ; but he cherished, notwithstanding, many irrational prejudices against Christianity. He regarded its true spirit less than its abuses. He had been dazzled by the superficial philosophy, which preceded and followed the revolution in France. It appeared to him, that God might be adored with greater purity, than according to the religion of the Gospel. Without having much knowledge of Condillac and Tracy, he respected them as deep thinkers, and imagined that the latter had reached the limits of all possible metaphysical researches.

I, who had pushed my philosophical studies further, who felt the weakness of the experimental philosophy, and knew the gross errors in criticism, by which the age of Voltaire had labored to defame Christianity ; I, who had read

Guénée and those other writers, who have so powerfully confuted that false criticism ; I, who was persuaded that a consistent reasoner cannot believe in God and reject the Gospel ; I, who thought it so vulgar a thing to follow the current of antichristian opinions, and to be unable to raise one's self to the perception of the simplicity and sublimity of Christianity, when not seen in caricature ; — I had the baseness to yield to a weak regard for human opinion. I was disconcerted by the witticisms of my neighbour, although their frivolity did not escape me. I dissembled my belief, hesitated, considered whether it would be seasonable or not to contradict him, said to myself that it would be useless, and endeavoured to persuade myself that I was right.

Cowardice ! cowardice ! What deference is due to the presumptuous confidence with which popular opinions are urged, when they rest on no foundation ? It is true, that unseasonable zeal is indiscreet, and may greatly irritate an unbeliever ; but to profess frankly, and at the same time with modesty, what we firmly hold as important truth ; to profess it, even when we cannot expect approval, or even to escape without

scorn, this is a positive duty; and such a noble confession may always be made, without assuming inappropriately the character of a missionary.

It is right to profess an important truth at all times; because, if we may not hope that it will be immediately acknowledged, still it may so prepare the minds of others, as one day to produce greater impartiality of judgment, and the consequent triumph of the light.

CHAPTER XXII.

I REMAINED in this room a month and some days. The night of the 18th and 19th of February, 1821, I was waked by the sound of bolts and keys ; I saw several men enter with a lantern : the first idea which occurred to me was, that they had come to cut my throat. But while I looked at these figures in perplexity, I saw Count B.,* who politely approached, and desired me to have the kindness to dress myself immediately in order to depart.

This communication surprised me, and I was so foolish as to hope, that I was about to be conducted to the confines of Piedmont. "Is it possible," thought I, "that so severe a tempest can thus pass away ? And shall I after all regain my liberty ? Shall I again see my dear parents, my brothers, my sisters ?"

These flattering thoughts agitated me for a few moments. I dressed myself hastily, and fol-

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* Count Bolza, of the Lake of Como, who for many years served the Austrian government in the capacity of commissary of police.

lowed my conductors, without being able even to bid farewell to my neighbour. I thought I heard his voice, and was sorry that I could not reply to him.

"Where are we going?" said I to the Count, as I entered the coach with him and an officer of the *gendarmerie*.

"I cannot inform you, until we are a mile beyond Milan."

I saw that the coach did not go towards the Vercelli Gate, and my hopes vanished!

I was silent. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I beheld those familiar streets, where I had for years been accustomed to walk in the full enjoyment of life, those houses, those churches; — every thing brought back a thousand tender recollections.

The Avenue of the Eastern Gate, the public gardens, where I had so many times wandered with Foscolo,* with Monti,† with Ludovico di

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* The learning of Ugo Foscolo, and the fame which he acquired by his *Carme dei Sepolcri*, his *Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*, the *Discorsi intorno Dante, Petrarca, e Boccaccio*, &c., are well known. He passed the last years of his life in England, dying in 1827.

† The Cavalier Vincenzo Monti, one of the most celebrated modern Italian poets. He died at Milan in 1829.

Breme,* with Pietro Borsieri,† with Porro and his sons, and with so many others whom I loved, conversing full of life and hope! — as I said to myself that I saw you for the last time, as I rapidly left you behind, oh! how I felt that I had loved you, and that I did love you still! When we had passed through the gate, I drew my hat over my eyes, and wept unobserved.

I waited till we had travelled more than a mile, and then said to Count B., "I suppose that we are going to Verona."

"We go further than that," he replied; "we are going to Venice, where I must consign you to a special commission."

We travelled post without stopping, and on the 20th of February arrived at Venice.

In the September of the preceding year, a

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* Monsignor Ludovico di Breme, son of the Marchese di Breme, was a Piedmontese, governor of the pages of the ex-king of Italy, the friend of Madame de Staël and of M. Sismondi, and a man of elevated sentiments, great vivacity, and cultivated mind.

† Don Pietro Borsieri, the son of a judge of the court of appeal in Milan, of which he was, before being condemned to death, one of the secretaries. He is the author of several literary works.

month before I was arrested, I was at Venice, and dined with a numerous and happy party, at the Hotel della Luna. Strange coincidence! I was carried by the Count and the *gendarme* to the very same Hotel della Luna.

One of the waiters was astonished at seeing me, and at perceiving (although the *gendarme* and his two attendants, who appeared as servants, were disguised) that I was a prisoner. I was pleased at this meeting, being persuaded that the servant would speak of my arrival to others.

We dined; — I was then conducted to the palace of the Doge, where the courts of justice are now held. I passed under those familiar porticos of the *Procuratie*, and before the Florian Coffee-house, where I had enjoyed such delightful evenings the past autumn. I did not meet with any of my acquaintance.

We crossed the Piazzetta. Upon that Piazzetta, in the September before, a beggar had said these remarkable words to me; "It is plain that you are a stranger, Signore. I do not understand why you and all strangers admire this place; to me it is a place of misfortune, and I pass here only from necessity."

"Has any disaster befallen you here?"

"Yes, Signore, a horrible disaster, and not to me only. God preserve you, Signore; God preserve you!"

And he went away in haste.

Now, as I again passed there, it was impossible not to recollect the words of the beggar. And it was upon that very Piazzetta the following year, that I ascended the scaffold, where I heard the sentence of death read, and the commutation of that punishment for fifteen years of severe imprisonment.

If I were disposed to be superstitious, I should think much of this beggar, who so emphatically pointed out this, as a *place of misfortune.* I notice the fact only as a singular incident.

We ascended to the palace; Count B. spoke with the judges, then consigned me to the gaoler, and, taking leave, he embraced me with emotion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I FOLLOWED the gaoler in silence. After having passed through several passages, and several halls, we arrived at a staircase, which carried us under the *Piombi* (the *Leads*), a famous state prison from the time of the republic of Venice.

Here the gaoler registered my name, and then shut me up in the room assigned to me. The *Piombi* (so called) form the upper part of the former palace of the Doge, entirely covered with lead.

My room had a large window, with enormous iron bars, and looked out upon the roof of the church of St. Mark, likewise covered with lead. Beyond the church, I saw in the distance the termination of the Piazza, and, all around, an infinite number of cupolas and steeples. The gigantic Campanile of St. Mark's was separated from me only by the length of the church, and I could hear persons on the top of it when they spoke somewhat loudly. I saw also, on the left side of the church, a portion of the great court of the palace, and one of the entrances.

In that part of the court was a public well, and people came there continually to draw water. But my prison being so high, the men below looked like children, and I could not distinguish their words, except when they raised their voices. I found myself much more solitary here than in the prisons of Milan.

During the first days, the business of the criminal process, to which I was subjected by the special commission, produced a degree of sadness, that was increased, perhaps, by the painful feeling of greater solitude. Besides, I was further from my family, and had no longer any information of them. The new faces which I saw, expressed no aversion to me; but they preserved a seriousness, as if they were terrified. They had heard exaggerated reports of the plots of the Milanese and of the rest of Italy, for obtaining independence, and they suspected that I was one of the most unpardonable exciters of that delirium. My literary celebrity, such as it was, was known to the gaoler, to his wife, his daughter, his two boys, and even to the two *secondini;* and who knows but they all believed an author of tragedies to be a kind of magician.

They were grave and distrustful, eager that I should give them more information about myself, but full of civility.

After a few days, their shyness abated, and I found them well disposed. The wife had most of the countenance and character of a gaoler. She was a woman with a very sharp face, about forty years old, and very sharp in her words; and did not give the smallest sign of being capable of kindness to any one but her children.

She commonly brought me my coffee in the morning and after dinner, water, linen, &c. She was usually accompanied by her daughter, a girl of fifteen, not handsome, but with a compassionate expression, and her two sons, one thirteen, the other ten years of age. They withdrew with their mother, and their three young faces turned gently to look at me as the door was closed. The gaoler came to my room only when he had to conduct me to the hall, where the commission for my examination held its meetings. The *secondini* seldom came near me, being occupied in attending the prisons of the police, which were placed upon a lower floor, and were always full of thieves.

One of these *secondini* was more than seventy years old, but still able to endure the fatigue of perpetually going up and down stairs to the different cells. The other was a young man of twenty-four or five, more disposed to talk of his love affairs, than to attend to his business.

CHAPTER XXIV.

To one accused of hostility to the government, the anxiety attending a criminal process is dreadful. How much apprehension is felt of injuring others! How difficult it is to struggle against so many charges, so many suspicions! How probable it is, that every thing will become more and more miserably entangled, if the process do not quickly terminate, if new arrests are made, if new imprudences are discovered, even of individuals who are strangers to the accused, but belonging to the same party!

I have resolved not to speak of politics, and I must, therefore, suppress all account of my examination. I will only say, that after having been subjected to it for many hours, I returned to my room so irritated, so enraged, that I should have destroyed myself, if the voice of religion, and the recollection of my beloved relatives, had not restrained me.

The habit of tranquillity, which at Milan I thought I had acquired, was lost. For some days I despaired of ever recovering it, and

they were days of torture. I ceased to pray, I questioned the justice of God, I cursed mankind and the universe, and revolved in my mind all possible sophisms upon the vanity of virtue.

An unhappy and exasperated man is horribly ingenious in calumniating his fellow-creatures, and even the Creator himself. Anger is more immoral, more wicked, than is commonly thought. Although one cannot rage from morning till night for a week, and the mind most enslaved by passion must have intervals of repose, yet in these intervals we usually feel the effects of the immorality which has preceded them. The mind seems to be at peace, but it is a malignant, irreligious peace; a savage complacency, without charity, without dignity; a feeling of pleasure in disorder, riot, and scorn.

In such a state I sung for whole hours, with a kind of merriment which had nothing in it of good feeling. I jested with all who entered my apartment; I forced myself to regard all things with a vulgar wisdom, the wisdom of cynics.

This disgraceful state did not last long, — six or seven days.

My Bible was covered with dust. One of the

gaoler's boys said, while caressing me ; "Since you have ceased to read that ugly book, you are much less melancholy, I think."

"Do you think so ?" said I.

And taking the Bible, I wiped the dust from it with my handkerchief, and opening it at random, my eyes fell upon these words : "*Then said he to his disciples, It is impossible that offences should not come : but woe to him through whom they come ! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.*" *

I was struck by finding these words, and blushed that the boy should have perceived, from the dust which he saw upon it, that I no longer read the Bible, and that he should suppose I had become more amiable by being regardless of God.

"You graceless little fellow," said I to him, reproving him gently, and grieved for having been an *offence* to him ; "This is not an *ugly book*, and I am in a very bad state since I neglected to read it. When your mother permits

* Luke, chapter xvii. verses 1, 2.

you to stay a moment with me, I endeavour to drive away my bad humor; but you do not know how it overcomes me when I am alone, when you hear me sing like a madman!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The boy left me ; and I felt a degree of pleasure at having again taken the Bible in my hand, and having confessed that I was in a worse state without it. It seemed to me, as if I had made satisfaction to a generous friend, whom I had unjustly offended ; as if I had effected a reconciliation.

"And had I abandoned thee, my God ?" I exclaimed. "And had I become perverted ? And could I believe that the infamous sneer of cynicism was suited to my desperate situation ?"

I pronounced these words with indescribable emotion ; I placed the Bible upon a chair, knelt down to read, and I, who am so often unable to weep, burst into tears.

Those tears were a thousand times sweeter, than all irrational mirth. I again felt the presence of God ! I loved Him, I repented having offended Him by degrading myself, and I vowed never again to separate myself from Him ; never again !

Oh ! how a sincere return to religion consoles and elevates the spirit !

I read and wept for more than an hour, and rose full of faith, that God was with me, that God had pardoned all my folly. Then my misfortunes, the torments of the examination, the scaffold, which would probably be my fate, appeared to me small things. I exulted in suffering, since that gave opportunity for the exercise of virtue, since, by suffering with a resigned spirit, I obeyed the Lord.

Thanks to Heaven, I knew how the Bible should be read. I no longer judged it with the wretched criticism of Voltaire, treating contemptuously expressions that are neither laughable nor false, except when through real ignorance or malice their meaning is not understood. I clearly perceived, that it is the code of holiness, and therefore of truth ; that to be offended by certain imperfections of style is unphilosophical, and like the pride of him, who despises every thing which does not possess elegance of form ; that it is absurd to imagine, that such a collection of venerable religious books should not have an authentic origin ; and that the superiority of such writings over the

Koran, and the theology of India, is indisputable.

Many have made a bad use of them; it has been the aim of many to make them a code of injustice, a sanction for their wicked passions. This is true ; but it is always so ; every thing may be abused ; and in what case should the abuse of an excellent thing lead us to say, that it is in itself bad ?

As Jesus Christ proclaimed, the sum of the law and the prophets, of all this collection of sacred books, is to be found in the precept of loving God and man. And must not such writings contain truth adapted to every age ? Must they not be the ever-living words of the Holy Spirit ?

These reflections being awakened in me, I renewed my purpose of disposing all my thoughts on human things, all my opinions upon the progress of civilization, my philanthropy, my patriotism, and all the affections of my soul, in conformity to religion.

The few days I had passed in cynicism had greatly injured me. I felt the effects for a long time, and was obliged to labor to overcome them. Every time man yields in any de-

gree to the temptation of degrading his intellect, of regarding the works of God through the infernal medium of scorn, of abandoning the beneficial exercise of prayer, the injury which he does to his own reason renders him liable to fall again. For many weeks I was assailed almost every day by strong unbelieving thoughts. I exerted all the power of my mind to repel them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When these conflicts had ceased, and I again felt myself firm in the habit of honoring God with my whole will, I enjoyed for some time a delightful state of tranquillity. The examinations, to which the commission subjected me every two or three days, however painful they might be, no longer produced lasting disquiet. I strove, in this difficult position, not to fail in what was due to others, and to my own honor, and then said; "Let God order the rest."

I resumed the habit of daily anticipating every surprise, every emotion, every supposable misfortune; and this exercise was again a great help to me.

Meanwhile my solitude increased. The two sons of the gaoler, who at first gave me sometimes a little of their company, were put to school, and, being in consequence little at home, they came no more to see me. The mother and the sister, who, when the boys were there, often stopped to talk with me, now appeared no more, except to bring my coffee, and then left

me. As to the mother, I cared but little about her, for she did not show a compassionate heart. But the daughter, though plain, had a certain gentleness in her looks and words, that led me to put some value upon them. When she brought my coffee, and said, "I made it," it always seemed to be excellent. When she said, "Mamma made it," it was only warm water.

Seeing human beings so seldom, I occupied myself with some ants, that came upon my window. I fed them sumptuously; they went to call an army of their companions, and my window was full of these insects. I took notice, also, of a beautiful spider, which hung its tapestry upon one of my walls. I fed him with flies and with gnats, and he grew familiar enough with me to come upon my bed, and on my hand, and to take his prey from my fingers.

Would that these had been the only insects that visited me! Though it was yet spring, the gnats had already multiplied, I may with truth say, frightfully. The winter had been extraordinarily mild; and, after some windy weather in March, the hot season came on. The heat of the air in the den that I inhab-

ited, is indescribable. It faced directly south, under a leaden roof, and with the window opening on the roof of St. Mark's, also of lead, the reflection from which was tremendous. I was suffocated. I had never had an idea of such oppressive heat. In addition to this suffering there was such a multitude of gnats, that, however I labored to destroy them, I was covered with them; the bed, the table, the chair, the floor, the walls, the ceiling, every thing was covered with them; and the surrounding air contained an infinite number, always going and coming through the window, and making an infernal buzzing. The stings of these creatures are not a little painful; and when one is pierced by them from morning till night, and from night till morning, and has the everlasting vexation of striving to diminish their number, he in truth suffers much both in body and mind.

When I had learned from experience the severity of this torment, and was unable to obtain a change of my prison, the thought of suicide entered my mind, and at times I feared that I should become mad. But thanks to Heaven, these were not lasting disorders of my mind, and religion continued to sustain me. It taught

me, that man should endure, and endure with fortitude; it made me feel a certain satisfaction in pain, a complacency in not being subdued by it, in overcoming every thing.

I said; "Inasmuch as life is made painful to me, so much the less shall I be cast down, if, young as I am, I should be condemned to death. Without these preliminary sufferings, perhaps, I should die like a coward. And then, have I such virtues as merit happiness? What are they?"

And examining myself with just rigor, I found, in the years I had lived, only a few specious traits of character; all the rest was made up of foolish, idolatrous passions, proud and false virtues. "It is well," I concluded; "suffer, unworthy man, suffer! If, through passion and without any right, men and gnats should torment thee to death, acknowledge them as the instruments of divine justice, and be silent."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Does it need an effort for man to be sincerely humble ? to be sensible that he is a sinner ? Is it not true, that in general we waste youth in vanity, and that, instead of striving with all our powers to advance in the career of goodness, we employ them in a great measure to degrade ourselves ? There may be exceptions, but I confess they do not concern my poor self. And I have no merit in being discontented with myself. When I see a lamp which gives more smoke than flame, it requires no great sincerity to say, that it does not burn as it should.

Yes ; without self-abasement, without the scruples of a bigot, contemplating myself with all possible tranquillity of mind, I perceived that I deserved the chastisements of God. A voice from within said to me ; "Such chastisements are due to thee for one reason, if not for another ; may they avail to reconduct thee towards Him who is perfect, and whom mortals are called to imitate, according to their finite powers."

With what reason, while I was constrained to condemn myself for a thousand faults before God, could I complain, if some men appeared to me despicable and others wicked ; if worldly prosperity was taken from me ; if I were to perish in a dungeon, or to suffer a violent death ?

I endeavoured to fix in my heart reflections so just and wise ; and, this being done, I saw that it was necessary to be consistent, and that I could be so in no other way, but by blessing the righteous judgments of God, by loving Him, and by extinguishing in myself every desire opposed to His will.

In order to become more steadfast in this resolution, I determined henceforward diligently to develope all my thoughts by committing them to writing. The difficulty was, that although the commission allowed me to have ink and paper, yet they numbered the sheets, prohibiting the destruction of any of them, and requiring that the manner in which I used them should be submitted to their examination. To supply the place of paper, I had recourse to the innocent artifice of smoothing with a piece of glass a rough table that I had ; upon which

I then wrote every day long meditations on the duties of man, and on my own in particular.

I do not exaggerate when I say, that the hours thus employed were sometimes delightful to me, notwithstanding the difficulty of breathing, which I suffered in consequence of the extreme heat, and notwithstanding the painful stings of the gnats. To escape their stings as far as possible, I was obliged, in spite of the heat, to wrap myself up from head to foot, and to write, not only with gloves, but with a bandage round my wrists, that the gnats might not get into my sleeves.

My meditations assumed a biographical character. I gave an account of all the good and evil dispositions, that had been formed within me from childhood to that time, entering into discussions with myself, endeavouring to explain all my doubts, and arranging, in the best manner I could, all my knowledge, and all my ideas upon every subject.

When the whole surface of the table, which could be used, was filled with writing, I read it again and again ; I meditated upon my former meditations, and at last resolved (often with regret) to scrape it all off with the glass,

in order to have the surface again fit to receive my thoughts.

I then pursued my narrative, continually broken by digressions of all sorts, by analyses of various points of metaphysics, of morals, of politics, and of religion; and when the table was wholly covered anew, I read over and over what I had written, and then effaced it again.

Being unwilling that any thing should prevent me from bringing before my mind with perfect fidelity my actions, so far as I could recollect them, and my opinions, and foreseeing at the same time the possibility of some inquisitorial visit, I wrote in cipher, that is, with transpositions of letters and abbreviations, to which I had been accustomed. Such a visit, however, never happened, and no one was aware that I passed my sad time thus comfortably. When I heard the gaoler or others opening the door, I covered the table with a table-cloth, and put the ink and the *legal* little quire of paper upon it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Some of my hours were likewise devoted to that small quire, sometimes a whole day, or a whole night. On that I wrote literary articles. I composed at this time the *Ester d' Engaddi*, and the *Iginia d' Asti*, and the poems entitled *Tancreda*, *Rosilde*, *Eligi e Valafrido*, and *Adello*; besides several skeletons of tragedies and of other works, among them, a poem upon *the Lombard League*, and another upon *Christopher Columbus*.

As it was not always easy to obtain a renewal of my paper when it was used, I made the first draft of every composition upon the table, or upon the wrapping-paper in which dried figs or other fruits had been brought to me. Sometimes, by giving my dinner to one of the *secondini*, making him believe that I had no appetite, I induced him to bring me some sheets of paper. This happened only in certain cases, when the table was already covered with writing, and I could not yet determine to erase it. Then I suffered from hunger; but,

although the gaoler had my money in deposit, I did not ask him for food through the whole day, partly that he might not suspect that I had given away my dinner, and partly that the *secondino* might not perceive that I had deceived him, when I assured him of my want of appetite. In the evening I sustained myself with strong coffee, and I begged that *la Siora Zanze** would make it. This was the daughter of the gaoler, who, if she could do it without the knowledge of her mother, made it very strong; so that, taken upon an empty stomach, it caused a kind of nervous affection, that was not unpleasant, and kept me awake all night.

In this state of gentle intoxication, I felt my intellectual powers redoubled. I made verses, philosophized, and prayed until the dawn of day, with wonderful pleasure. A sudden weakness afterwards seized me; then I threw myself on the bed, and in spite of the gnats, which, although I wrapped myself up, succeeded in getting at me to suck my blood, I slept profoundly for an hour or two.

These nights of excitement, produced by

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* La Signora Angiola.

strong coffee taken upon an empty stomach, and passed in such pleasant exaltation, seemed too agreeable not to be often sought for. In consequence, even when I did not want paper from the *secondino*, I frequently determined not to taste a mouthful of dinner, in order to procure in the evening the desired charm of the magical beverage. Happy was it for me, when I obtained my object. More than once it happened, that the coffee was not made by the compassionate Zanze, and the wretched stuff was unavailing. Then the disappointment made me a little ill-humored. Instead of being excited, I was languid, I yawned, suffered from hunger, threw myself upon the bed, and could not sleep.

Then I complained of it to Zanze, and she pitied me. One day, when I reproved her harshly, as if she had deceived me, the poor girl wept, and said to me ; "Signore, I have never deceived any body, and yet every one calls me a deceiver."

"Every one ? Oh ! then it is clear that I am not the only person who is angry about this wretched coffee."

"I do not mean that, Signore. Ah ! if you

only knew ! . . . if I could pour out my wretched heart into yours ! . . . "

"Well, do not weep so ! What the deuce is the matter with you ? I ask your pardon, if I have scolded you unjustly. I really believe it is not your fault that I had such bad coffee."

"Alas ! I do not weep for that, Signore."

My self-love was somewhat mortified, but I smiled.

"My scolding then is only the occasion of your tears ; the real cause is something quite different."

"Yes, truly."

"Who calls you a deceiver ? "

"My lover."

And her face was covered with blushes. And in her ingenuous confidence she related to me a serio-comic idyl, which affected me.

CHAPTER XXIX.

From that day I became, I know not why, the confidant of the girl, and she was disposed to talk with me a great deal.

She said to me ; "Signore, you are so good, that I look up to you as a daughter looks up to her father."

"You pay me a poor compliment," I replied, pushing away her hand ; "I am hardly thirty-two years old, and yet you look up to me as your father."

"Well then, Signore, I will say as a brother."

And she seized my hand, and held it affectionately. And all this was in perfect innocence.

I said to myself afterwards ; "It is fortunate she is not a beauty ; otherwise this innocent familiarity might disconcert me."

At other times I said ; "It is fortunate she is so young ! There can be no danger of my being in love with such a child."

At other times I was a little uneasy from its seeming to me, that I had deceived myself in

considering her plain, and I was obliged to acknowledge that the outline of her form and features was not irregular.

"If she were not so pale," said I, "and had not those few freckles on her face, she might pass for handsome."

In truth, it is impossible not to find some charm in the presence, looks, and conversation of a lively and affectionate girl. I had done nothing to win her kindness; and yet I was dear to her, as *a father* or *a brother*, as I might prefer. Why? Because she had read the *Francesca da Rimini*, and the *Eufemio*, and my verses made her weep so much! and then I was a prisoner, *without having*, as she said, *either robbed or murdered!*

In short, how was it possible that I, who had been attached to Maddalena without seeing her, should be indifferent to the sisterly attentions, to the agreeable flattery, to the excellent coffee of the

"Venezianina adolescente sbirra"? *

I should be an impostor, were I to attribute

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* The young Venetian police-girl.

to discretion my not being in love with her. I was not in love with her, simply because she had a lover, of whom she was passionately fond. Woe to me, had it been otherwise!

But if the sentiment she awoke in me was not what is called love, I confess that it was something like it. I desired that she should be happy, that she should succeed in marrying him who pleased her. I had not the least jealousy, not the smallest idea that she could select me as the object of her affection. But when I heard the door open, my heart beat with the hope that it was Zanze; and if it were not, I was dissatisfied; but if it were, my heart beat yet more strongly, and I was rejoiced.

Her parents, who had already conceived a good opinion of me, and knew that she was passionately in love with another, felt no concern about allowing her to come almost always to bring my coffee in the morning, and sometimes in the evening.

She was simple and winningly affectionate. She said to me; "I am so much in love with another, and yet I am so ready to stay with you! When I do not see my lover, I feel dissatisfied everywhere but here."

"Do you know why?"

"No, I do not."

"I will tell you; it is because I let you talk of your lover."

"That may very well be; but it seems to me, that it is likewise because I esteem you so very, very much!"

Poor girl! she had the blessed fault of continually taking my hand and pressing it, and did not perceive that this pleased and disturbed me at the same time.

But thanks be to Heaven, I can remember her without the least remorse!

CHAPTER XXX.

These pages would certainly be more interesting if Zanze had been in love with me, or if I at least had been distracted for her. Yet that simple good will which united us, was more precious to me than love. And, if sometimes I feared that it would change its character in my foolish heart, I was seriously grieved at the thought.

Once, apprehensive that this would happen, distressed to find her (I knew not by what enchantment) a hundred times more pleasing than she had seemed to me at first, surprised by the melancholy I sometimes experienced when she was absent, and by the joy which her presence brought back to me ; I undertook for two days to appear cold and stern, imagining that she would discontinue in some degree her familiarity with me. This expedient was of little use ; the poor girl was so patient, so compassionate ! She rested her elbow on the window, and stood looking at me silently. Then she said to me :

"Signore, you appear to be weary of my company; yet if I could, I would remain here all day; just because I see that you need to be drawn away from your own thoughts. This ill humor is the natural effect of solitude; but if you would try to talk a little, it would go off; and if you do not wish to talk, I will."

"Of your lover, eh?"

"Oh no! not always of him. I can talk of something else."

And she actually began to tell me of her little domestic interests, of the harshness of her mother, of her father's kindness, of the boyish tricks of her brothers; and her narratives were full of simplicity and grace. But, without perceiving it, she always returned to the favorite theme, her unfortunate love.

I persisted however in being ungracious, and I hoped that she would be displeased by it. But either from inconsideration or from art, she paid no attention to it, and I was compelled at last to appear cheerful again, to smile, to be moved, and to thank her for her sweet patience with me.

I dismissed the ungrateful design of displeasing her, and by degrees my apprehensions were

calmed. In truth I was not in love with her; I examined my scruples a long time, I wrote my reflections upon the subject, and I was benefited by revolving them in my mind.

Man sometimes terrifies himself by bugbears, created out of nothing. In order not to fear them, we must look at them closely, and with greater attention.

And how was I to blame, if I wished for her visits with tender solicitude, if I appreciated their sweetness, if I was pleased to be pitied by her, and requited sympathy with sympathy, since our thoughts relating to each other were as pure as the purest thoughts of infancy; since even her taking my hand, and her most affectionate looks, while they disturbed me, yet filled me with salutary respect?

One evening, while she poured into my heart a great affliction which she had experienced, the unhappy girl threw her arms around my neck, and my face was wet with her tears. In this embrace, there was not the least thought of impropriety. A daughter could not embrace her father with more respect.

But my imagination was afterwards too much affected by it. This embrace often returned to

my mind, and then I could no longer think of any thing else.

Another time, when she abandoned herself to a similar burst of filial confidence, I unbound myself instantly from her dear arms, without pressing her towards me, without kissing her, and said, stammering :

"I beg you, Zanze, never to embrace me ; it is not well."

She fixed her eyes upon me, cast them down, and blushed ; and certainly it was the first time that she read in my soul the possibility of any weakness in relation to her.

She did not cease to be familiar with me, but from that time her familiarity became more respectful, more in accordance with my wishes, and I was grateful to her for it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I CANNOT speak of the evils which afflict other men; but, as to those which have fallen to my lot during life I must confess, that, after thorough examination, I have always found them ordered for my good. Yes, even that horrible heat which oppressed me, and those armies of gnats, which made such fierce war upon me. A thousand times I have reflected upon it. Had I not been in such a state of perpetual torment, constant vigilance would have been necessary to render myself invulnerable to the darts of love which threatened me; a love, which it would have been difficult to preserve sufficiently respectful, considering how lively and affectionate was the disposition of that girl. If I sometimes trembled for myself, in the situation in which I was, how should I have been able to govern my fancy in an agreeable atmosphere, suited to enjoyment.

Such being the indiscretion of Zanze's parents, who confided so much in me; such being her own imprudence, that she did not fore-

see that she might be the cause of culpable folly in me; such being the insecurity of my virtue, I have no doubt that the suffocating heat of that furnace, and the cruel gnats, were salutary circumstances.

Such thoughts reconciled me somewhat to those torments. And then I asked myself:

"Wouldst thou be free from them, and go to a good room, with the comfort of fresh air, and see that affectionate creature no more?"

Shall I tell the truth? I had not the courage to answer the question.

When one has a little good will towards another, the pleasure which things apparently trifling may give is indescribable. Often a word from Zanze, a smile, a tear, a grace of her Venetian dialect, the quick motion of her arm in brushing away the gnats from herself and me with a handkerchief or a fan, infused a childish pleasure into my soul, which remained the whole day. It was particularly delightful to me to find, that her troubles were lessened by talking to me, that my pity was of value to her, that she was influenced by my advice, and that her heart was warmed, when we spoke of virtue and of God.

"When we have been talking together of religion," said she, "I pray more readily, and with more faith."

And sometimes, breaking off suddenly from a frivolous conversation, she took the Bible, opened it, kissed a verse at random, and then wished that I would translate it to her, and comment upon it. And she said: "I wish that every time you read over that verse, you would remember that I have imprinted a kiss there."

Her kisses, indeed, did not always fall on fortunate places, especially if she chanced to open the Song of Solomon. Then, that I might not make her blush, I took advantage of her ignorance of Latin, and made use of phrases, in which I preserved the sanctity of the holy volume and her purity at the same time, both of which inspired me with the deepest reverence. In such cases I never allowed myself to smile. It was, however, no small embarrassment to me, when sometimes, not well understanding my pseudo-version, she begged me to translate a passage word for word, and would not let me escape to another subject.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Nothing here below is lasting! Zanze fell sick. During the first days of her illness she came to see me, and complained of great pain in her head. She wept, and did not explain to me the cause of her tears. She only stammered some complaint against her lover. "He is a bad man," said she; "but may God forgive him!"

Although I entreated her to open her heart to me as she was accustomed to do, I could not learn what made her so unhappy.

"I shall return to-morrow morning," said she one evening. But the following day, my coffee was brought by her mother, other days by the *secondini*, and Zanze was seriously ill.

The *secondini* said some ambiguous things about this girl's love affair, which made my hair stand on end. A seduction? But perhaps they were calumnies. I confess that I gave credit to them, and was greatly troubled by such a misfortune. But nevertheless I will hope that they did not speak the truth.

After more than a month's illness, the poor girl was carried into the country, and I saw her no more.

I cannot describe what I suffered from this loss. Oh ! how much more horrible my solitude became. The thought that that kind-hearted girl was unhappy, was a hundred times more bitter to me than her absence. She had consoled me so much in my misery by her gentle compassion, and now my compassion was useless to her ! But surely she must have believed, that I wept for her, that I would have made no small sacrifice to procure some comfort for her, had it been possible, and that I should never cease to bless her, and to pray for her happiness.

While Zanze was near me, her visits, though always too short, by breaking delightfully the monotony of my perpetual silent meditation and study, by interweaving other ideas with my own, and by exciting in me gentle affections, truly gave a charm to my adversity, and a double value to my existence.

Afterwards, my prison became again like a tomb. I was for many days so oppressed by sadness, that I no longer found the least pleas-

ure in writing. My sadness however was tranquil, compared with the violent emotions I had formerly experienced. Was it that I had now become more familiar with misfortune ? more philosophical ? more Christian ? or only that the suffocating heat of my room had deadened my sensibility to suffering ? Alas ! not my sensibility to suffering. I recollect that I suffered acutely in my inmost soul, and perhaps more acutely, because I had no will to express what I felt by cries and groans.

Certainly the long apprenticeship I had served had made me more capable of enduring new afflictions with resignation to the will of God. I had so often said to myself, *It is mean-spirited to complain*, that at last I had learned to restrain murmurs just ready to break forth, and was ashamed that they had been upon my lips. The practice of writing my thoughts had contributed to invigorate my soul, to free me from vain illusions, and to bring the greater part of my reasonings to these conclusions :

There is a God, therefore there is infallible justice ; then, whatever takes place is ordered for the best ; consequently, the sufferings of man in this world are for the good of man.

My acquaintance with Zanze had also been

useful to me ; it had softened my temper. The pleasure of her approbation had been an incentive to me not to fail for some months in a duty, which I considered incumbent upon all men, to be superior to fortune, and therefore patient. And some months of perseverance habituated me to resignation.

Zanze saw me angry only twice. Once it was, as I have mentioned, on account of the bad coffee ; the other occasion was as follows.

Every two or three weeks a letter from my family was brought to me by the gaoler, a letter that had passed first through the hands of the commission, and in which passages had been completely blotted out. One day it happened, that, instead of blotting out only some phrases, they had drawn one horrible line through the whole letter, excepting the words "*Dearest Silvio,*" which were at the beginning, and the salutation at the end ; "*We all heartily embrace you.*"

I was so angry at this, that in Zanze's presence I broke forth into violent outcries, and cursed I knew not whom. The poor girl pitied me ; but at the same time rebuked me for my inconsistency with my principles. I felt that she was right, and I refrained from cursing any one.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

One day a *secondino* entered my room with a mysterious air, and said to me:

"When the *siora* Zanze was here . . . as the coffee was brought by her . . . and she stayed a long time to talk . . . I was afraid that the rogue found out all your secrets, Signore . . . "

"No, she discovered none," said I, angrily; "if I had any secrets, I should not be such a simpleton as to suffer them to be drawn from me. Go on."

"Pardon me; I do not say that you are a simpleton; but I distrusted the *siora* Zanze. And now, Signore, that you have no longer any one that comes to keep you company, . . . I trust, . . . that . . . "

"What? Explain yourself at once."

"But, first, swear not to betray me."

"As for swearing not to betray you, that I can do; I have never betrayed any one."

"Will you swear so then, in earnest?"

"Yes, I swear not to betray you; but know, fool that you are, that any one who is capable

of betraying, would also be capable of breaking an oath."

He drew a letter from his pocket and gave it to me, trembling and conjuring me to destroy it, when I had read it.

"Stop," said I to him, opening it; "as soon as I have read it, I will destroy it in your presence."

"But, Signore, it must be answered, and I cannot wait. Do it at your leisure. Only let us have an understanding together. When you hear any one coming, you may always know whether it be I or not, by my singing the air, '*Sognai, mi gera un gato.*'* Then you need not fear being surprised, and can keep any paper in your pocket. But if you do not hear that song, it will be a sign, either that it is not I, or that some one is with me. In that case, do not trust to keeping any paper concealed, because there may be an examination; but if you should have one, destroy it quickly, and throw it out of the window."

"Be not alarmed: I see that you are cautious, and I will be so likewise."

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* I dreamt I was a cat.

"Yet you have called me a fool."

"You do well to reprove me," said I to him, pressing his hand. "Forgive me."

He then went out, and I read as follows:

"I am . . . " (and here followed the name) "one of your admirers. I know the whole of your *Francesca da Rimini* by heart. I was arrested for . . . " (and here he told the cause of his arrest, and the date of it), "and I would give I know not how many pounds of my blood to have the advantage of being with you, or, at least, to have a cell contiguous to yours, so that we might converse together. Since I understood from Tremerello (so we will call our confidant), that you, Signore, were arrested, and for what reason, I have burnt with desire to tell you, that no one compassionates you more than myself, that no one loves you more than I do. Will you be so good as to accept the following proposal, namely, that we should both lighten the weight of our solitude by writing to each other? I promise you as a man of honor, that not a creature in the world shall ever know it from me, persuaded, that, should you accept my proposal, I may expect

the same secrecy from you. In the mean time, that you may have some knowledge of me, I will give you an abstract of my history, &c."

The abstract followed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Every reader who has a little imagination will easily conceive, how exciting such a letter must have been to a poor prisoner, particularly to one whose disposition was by no means unsocial, and whose heart was affectionate. My first feeling was attachment to this unknown individual, pity for his misfortunes, and gratitude for the kindness which he manifested towards me.

"Yes," I exclaimed, "I accept your proposal, generous man; may my letters give you as much comfort as yours will give me, as much as I now derive from your first!"

And I read the letter over and over again with a boyish delight, and a hundred times blessed the writer; and it seemed to me that every expression revealed a sincere and noble soul.

The sun was setting; it was my hour of prayer. Oh! how I felt the presence of God, how I thanked him for always supplying new means to prevent the powers of my mind and

heart from languishing! How the recollection of all his precious gifts revived within me!

I stood before the large window, my arms between the bars, and my hands folded. The church of St. Mark was beneath me, a prodigious multitude of wild doves were hovering around the leaden roof, fluttering and building their nests; the most magnificent sky was before me. I overlooked all that part of Venice which was visible from my prison; while a distant sound of human voices fell gently upon my ear. From this unhappy, but wonderful place, I addressed myself to Him, who alone saw me; to Him I commended my father, my mother, and all who were dear to me, one by one, and it seemed as if He replied to me: "Put thy trust in my goodness!" — and I exclaimed, "Yes, in thy goodness do I put my trust!"

I concluded my prayer, softened and comforted; caring little for the stings, that meanwhile the gnats had been giving me at their pleasure.

In the evening, after so much exaltation, my imagination beginning to grow calm, the gnats becoming insufferable, and I being obliged, as

usual, to wrap up my face and hands, a vulgar and malignant thought suddenly entered my mind, which made me shudder; I wished to expel it, but could not.

Tremerello had hinted to me an infamous suspicion concerning Zanze, that she had been a spy of my secrets, — she! that pure soul! who knew nothing of politics! who wished to know nothing of them!

It was impossible to doubt her; but I asked myself, "Have I the same certainty about Tremerello? And what, if that knave should himself be a spy? What, if that letter should have been fabricated by some unknown individual, in order to induce me to make important confidential communications to one appearing as a new friend. Perhaps the pretended prisoner who wrote to me does not even exist. Perhaps there is such an individual, and he may be a perfidious wretch, who seeks to learn secrets, in order that he may purchase his own safety by betraying them. Perhaps he is a worthy man, and the treachery is in Tremerello, who would ruin us both in order to gain an addition to his salary."

It is base, but only too natural, for one who groans in a prison, to fear on every side enmity and fraud.

Such suspicions grieved and disheartened me. I could never, indeed, admit them for a moment with regard to Zanze. But ever since Tremerello had uttered those words respecting her, a half doubt had tormented me, not of her, but of those who had allowed her to come to my room. Had they, through their own zeal, or the direction of a superior, given her the task of a spy? Oh! if it were so, how ill they had been served!

"But what," said I to myself, "is to be done about the letter from the unknown? Shall I conform to the severe, mean counsels of that fear which is called prudence? Shall I give the letter again to Tremerello, and tell him, that I am not willing to run any risk? And suppose there should be no fraud? Suppose that the unknown should be a man worthy of my friendship, worthy that I should risk something to alleviate the anguish of his solitude. Coward! thou art standing perhaps but two steps from death, the fatal sentence may any day be pronounced; and yet thou wouldst re-

fuse to do an act of love. I ought, — I ought indeed to reply. But, if this correspondence should unfortunately be discovered, even though no one could in conscience make a crime of it in us, yet would not poor Tremerello be severely punished? Is not this consideration sufficient to make it my absolute duty not to engage in it?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

I was agitated all the evening, I did not close my eyes through the night, and amidst so much uncertainty I knew not what to determine.

I sprung from my bed before dawn, raised myself to the window, and prayed. In difficult cases, we must lay our doubts before God, listen to His inspirations, and follow them.

This I did, and after a long prayer I came down, shook off the gnats, rubbed my bitten cheeks with my hand, and my determination was made. It was to express to Tremerello my apprehension, that he might suffer in consequence of this correspondence, to give it up if he wavered, and to proceed in it if his fears did not overcome him.

I walked about my room until I heard him singing; "*Sognai, mi gera un gato, E ti mi carezzevi.*" * Tremerello brought my coffee.

I told him my scruples, not sparing a word

* I dreamt I was a cat, and you caressed me.

that might excite his fear. I found him firm in the desire *to serve*, as he said, *two such perfect gentlemen*. This was quite at variance with his timid look, and with the name of Tremerello, which we had given him. Accordingly I was firm also.

"I will leave you my wine," said I, "and do you supply me with paper necessary for this correspondence; and trust me, that if I hear the sound of the keys without your song, I will always instantly destroy every thing clandestine."

"Here is one sheet of paper ready; I will give you more as long as you wish, and I trust entirely to your circumspection."

I burnt my mouth by swallowing my coffee too hastily, Tremerello retired, and I sat down to write.

Was I doing well? Was the determination I had made, truly inspired by God? Was it not rather a triumph of my natural boldness; a preference of what pleased me, to painful sacrifices; a mixture of proud satisfaction in the esteem which had been expressed for me by the unknown, and of the fear of appearing pu-

sillanimous, if I preferred prudent silence to a somewhat hazardous correspondence ?

How were these doubts to be solved ? I frankly expressed them in replying to my fellow captive, and added, that it was nevertheless my opinion, that when it seems to any one, that he is acting from proper motives, without a manifest repugnance of conscience, he ought not to fear that he is committing a fault. I begged him, however, to reflect with all seriousness upon what we had undertaken, and to tell me candidly with what degree of tranquillity or uneasiness he had determined upon it. "If," said I, "in consequence of new reflections you judge the enterprise too rash, let us make the effort to give up the solace, which this correspondence promises us, and content ourselves with being known to each other by the exchange of a few words, indelible pledges of strong attachment."

I wrote four pages glowing with the most sincere affection, briefly hinted at the cause of my imprisonment, spoke with expressions of deep feeling of my family and some of my intimate friends, and aimed to make myself known to the bottom of my heart.

In the evening my letter was carried. Not having slept the preceding night, I was very weary; sleep did not require to be invoked, and I awoke the following morning refreshed and cheerful, my heart throbbing at the thought, that I should perhaps in a few moments have an answer from my friend.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The answer came with my coffee. I sprung upon Tremerello's neck, and said to him with emotion, "May God reward you for so much kindness!" My suspicions of him and of the unknown were dissipated, yet I cannot tell why; perhaps because they were odious to me; or because, being cautious never to speak foolishly of politics, they appeared to me useless; or because, though an admirer of the genius of Tacitus, I nevertheless have no faith in the propriety of looking, like Tacitus, on the dark side of every thing.

Julian (so my correspondent chose to sign himself) began his letter with a polite preamble, and said he was without any uneasiness about our correspondence. Then he rallied me upon my hesitation, at first gently, but with more sharpness as he went on. At last, after an eloquent eulogy upon sincerity, he asked my pardon if he could not conceal the regret he had felt in consequence of perceiving in me, as he said, "*a certain scrupulous wavering*,

a certain Christian subtilty of conscience, which did not harmonize with true philosophy."

"I shall always esteem you," he added, "even if we cannot agree about this; but the sincerity which I profess obliges me to tell you, that I have no religion, that I abhor it altogether, that *through modesty* I take the name of Julian, because that good emperor was an enemy of the Christians; but in reality I go much further than he did. The crowned Julian believed in God, and he was not without certain *bigotries* of his own. I have none. I do not believe in God; I regard all virtue as consisting in the love of truth and of him who seeks it, and in hating him who does not please me."

He went on in the same manner. He brought no reasons for any thing, but inveighed vehemently against Christianity, praised, with pompous energy, the sublimity of virtue without religion, and undertook, in a style partly serious and partly jocose, to make a eulogy upon the Emperor Julian for his apostasy, and for his *philanthropic attempt* to efface from the earth every trace of the Gospel.

Then, fearing he had shocked my opinions

too much, he again asked my pardon, and declaimed against the common want of sincerity. He repeated his very great desire to continue his connexion with me, and then concluded.

In a postscript, he said: "My only apprehension is, that I may not be sufficiently sincere. I cannot therefore suppress the suspicion, that the Christian language you make use of to me may be assumed. I earnestly desire that it may be so. In that case, throw off the mask; I have set you the example."

I cannot describe the strange effect this letter had upon me. When I began to read, my heart beat like that of a lover; then a hand of ice seemed to press upon it. The sarcasms upon my conscientiousness offended me. I repented of having formed any connexion with such a man;—I, who despise cynicism so much! who believe all its tendencies to be most unphilosophical, most base! who am so little to be imposed upon by arrogance!

Having read it through, I took the letter between the thumb and finger of one hand, and the thumb and finger of the other, and raising my left hand, drew down the right rapidly, so that each of my hands remained in possession of half the letter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I looked at those two pieces, and meditated a moment upon the inconstancy of human things and their false appearances. "But a short time ago how much I desired this letter, and now I tear it with indignation! But a short time ago what a presentiment I felt of future friendship with this companion in misfortune; what a persuasion of mutual comfort; what a disposition to manifest towards him the greatest affection; and now I call him insolent!"

I put the pieces one upon the other, and tore them as before. I was about to repeat the same operation, but one of the four pieces fell to the floor; I stooped to take it up, and, in the short space of time while I was stooping and rising, I changed my determination, and was disposed to read this vainglorious composition again.

I sat down, fitted the four pieces together upon my Bible, and again read the letter. I left it in this state, walked about, read it once more, and meanwhile I thought thus:

"If I do not reply to him, he will conclude, that I am overwhelmed with confusion, that I dare not appear again in the presence of such a Hercules. Let me answer him; let me make him see, that I fear not to confront my doctrines with his. Let me show him in a suitable manner, that there is no meanness in judging deliberately; in hesitating concerning a resolution somewhat hazardous, and hazardous for others rather than for ourselves. Let him learn, that true courage consists not in laughing at conscience; that true dignity consists not in pride. Let me unfold to him the reasonableness of Christianity and the insufficiency of unbelief. — And after all, if this Julian expresses opinions so opposite to my own; if he does not spare me his bitter sarcasms; if he desires so little to conciliate me, is it not at least a proof that he is not a spy? — But may not his thus rudely wounding my self-love be a refinement of art? — No, I cannot believe it. It is ill-natured in me, because I feel offended by those inconsiderate jokes, to wish to persuade myself, that he who uttered them must be the most worthless of men. Vulgar malignity, which I have a thousand times con-

demned in others, away from my own heart! No, Julian is what he is, and nothing more; he is insolent, but he is not a spy. — And have I in truth the right to give the odious name of *insolence* to what he considers as *sincerity*? — This is your humility, O hypocrite! It is enough that one through an error of the understanding should maintain false opinions, and deride your faith, for you immediately to arrogate to yourself the right of despising him. — God knows if this fierce humility and this malevolent zeal, in the breast of me, a Christian, are not worse than the audacious sincerity of that unbeliever! — Perhaps nothing is wanting but a ray of grace, to change his strong love of truth into a religion firmer than my own. — Should I not do better to pray for him, than to be angry with him, and to suppose myself better than he? — Perhaps, while I was furiously tearing his letter, he may have been reading mine again with affectionate tenderness, and have trusted so much in my goodness, as to believe me incapable of being offended by the frankness of his expressions. — Which is the most sinful, one who loves, and says 'I am not a Christian,' or one who says, 'I am a Christian,' and does not

love ? — It is difficult to know a man's character after having lived with him many years, and now I am ready to judge this man by a single letter ! Among so many possibilities, is it not supposable, that, without confessing it even to himself, he may not be quite satisfied with his atheism, and therefore may wish to excite me to oppose it, with the secret hope of being obliged to yield ? Oh ! may it be thus ! Great God, in whose hand all instruments, even the most unworthy, may be efficacious, choose me, oh ! choose me for this work ! Impart to me such powerful and holy arguments as may convince that unhappy man ; such as may lead him to bless thee, and to learn, that distant from thee there is no virtue which is not a contradiction ! "

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I TORE into smaller pieces, but without any remains of anger, the four parts of the letter; I went to the window, stretched out my hand, and stopped to observe the fate of the different fragments, which became the sport of the wind. Some rested upon the roof of the church, others flew about a long time in the air, and then fell to the ground. I saw that they were so scattered, that there was no danger that any one could collect them, and discover their secrets.

I then wrote to Julian, and took great care not to be, and not to appear, offended.

I jested at his apprehension, that I carried my scruples of conscience to a point which did not accord with true philosophy, and told him, that he ought at least to suspend his judgment about it. I praised his profession of sincerity, assured him that he would find me equally sincere with himself, and added, that, in order to give him a proof of it, I was preparing to defend Christianity; "well persuaded,"

said I, "that, as I shall always be ready to listen in a friendly manner to your opinions, so you will have the liberality to listen patiently to mine."

This defence I proposed to make in successive parts, and I began at once by faithfully analyzing the spirit of Christianity, as consisting in the worship of God without superstition, — brotherly love among men, — perpetual aspirations after virtue, — humility without meanness, — dignity without pride, — the model for imitation being the God-man! What can be more philosophical and more sublime?

My next purpose was, to show how such wisdom had been more or less imparted to all those who had sought the truth by the light of reason; but that it was never universally diffused; and how our divine Master, having appeared upon earth, manifested himself in a most striking manner, by effecting this diffusion through the weakest human means. What the greatest philosophers could never achieve, the overthrow of idolatry, and the general preaching of brotherly love, was accomplished by a few uneducated messengers. Then the emancipation of slaves became every day more

frequent; and at last there appeared a form of civilized life without slavery, a state of society which to the ancient philosophers had seemed impossible.

In the last place, I gave a review of history from Jesus Christ to the present time, in order to show, how the religion established by him had been always found adapted to every possible stage of civilization; and hence concluded the opinion to be false, that, as civilization continues to advance, the Gospel will no longer be in accordance with it.

I wrote in a very small hand, and a very long letter; but I was unable to proceed much further: my paper failed. I read my introduction over and over again, and it appeared to me well done. There was not a word of resentment for Julian's sarcasms; expressions of kindness abounded, and they were uttered from my heart, which had now entirely recovered its tolerance.

I sent my letter, and the following morning expected the answer with anxiety.

Tremerello came, and said;

"That gentleman has not been able to write; but he begs you to continue your joke."

"Joke?" I exclaimed. "He could not have called it a joke! you must have misunderstood him."

Tremerello shrugged his shoulders: "I must have misunderstood him."

"But do you really think he called it a joke?"

"Just as I think I hear the stroke of St. Mark's at this moment." (The great bell sounded at the instant.) I drank my coffee, and was silent.

"But tell me: had that gentleman read the whole of my letter?"

"I suppose so; because he laughed, as if he were out of his senses, and he made the letter into a ball, and tossed it up in the air, and when I told him that he must not forget to destroy it, he did destroy it immediately."

"Very well."

And I returned the cup to Tremerello, saying, that it was plain that the coffee had been made by *Siora* Bettina.

"Have you found it bad?"

"Wretched."

"I made it however, and I assure you I made it strong, and there are no grounds."

"Perhaps my mouth is out of taste."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I WALKED about the whole morning in a state of irritation. "What sort of fellow must this Julian be? Why does he call my letter a joke? Why does he laugh and play at ball with it? Why does he not give me even a line in reply? All unbelievers are alike. Feeling the weakness of their cause, if any one undertakes to confute them, they do not listen, they laugh, and assume an air of superior genius, as if they had no need to examine any thing. Unhappy men! When was there any philosophy without examination, without seriousness? If it is true that Democritus always laughed, he was a buffoon. — But what else could I expect? Why did I undertake this correspondence? That I should have deluded myself for a moment was pardonable; but when I perceived that he was insolent, was I not a fool to write to him again?"

I resolved to write to him no more. At dinner Tremerello took my wine, poured it into a bottle, and putting it into his pocket said, "Oh!

I recollect that I have some paper here for you." And he gave it to me.

He went out, and as I looked at that blank paper, I felt a temptation to write for the last time to Julian, and to take leave of him with a good lesson upon the baseness of insolence.

"A fine temptation!" I afterwards said to myself, "to requite scorn for scorn! to make him hate Christianity yet more, by exhibiting to him impatience and pride in myself, a Christian! — No, that will not do; let the correspondence entirely cease. — And if I break it off so abruptly, will he not be as likely to say, that impatience and pride have conquered me? — It is proper that I should write to him once more, and without ill temper. — But if I can write without ill temper, would it not be better to give no intimation that I have been told of his derision, and that he has been pleased to call my letter a joke? Would it not be better to continue my apology for Christianity?"

I thought a little while, and then determined to do so.

In the evening I despatched my packet, and the following morning received some lines, thanking me in the coldest terms, free indeed from

any sarcastic expressions, but at the same time without the slightest token of approbation, or of a desire that I should go on.

This note displeased me; nevertheless I determined not to desist from my purpose.

My theme could not be treated briefly, and was the subject of five or six other long letters; to each one of which came an answer of thanks laconically expressed, accompanied by some declamation foreign to the subject; sometimes cursing his enemies, sometimes laughing at himself for having cursed them, and saying that it was natural that the strong should oppress the weak, and that he regretted only that he was not among the strong; and sometimes confiding his love affairs to me, and the control that these exercised over his tormented imagination.

However, to my last letter upon Christianity he said that he was preparing a long answer. I expected it for more than a week, and in the mean time he wrote to me every day about other things, and most frequently upon indecent topics.

I begged him to recollect the answer which he owed me, and I advised him to determine

to apply his mind to weigh carefully all the arguments I had made use of.

He answered me somewhat angrily, lavishing upon himself the titles of a *philosopher*, of *a man of strong mind, one who had no need to think so very much in order to perceive that a fire-fly was not a lantern;* * — he then turned from the subject, to speak gayly of scandalous adventures.

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* Referring to the Italian proverb; *Mostrar lucciole per lanterne*. "To show fire-flies for lanterns," that is, to make one believe a thing to be different from what it is.

CHAPTER XL.

I was patient, because I would not give him a pretence to call me bigoted and intolerant, and because I did not despair, that, after this fever of dissolute buffoonery, a period of seriousness would arrive. In the mean time I expressed to him my disapprobation of his irreverence towards women, and of his abominable conduct in love affairs, and my compassion for those unhappy beings, who, he told me, had been his victims.

He pretended to have but little faith in the sincerity of my disapprobation, and repeated: "*However you may grumble about immorality, I am certain that I divert you by my narratives; — all men love pleasure as I do; but they have not the frankness to speak of it without disguise. I will tell you such stories as shall enchant you, and you will feel obliged in conscience to applaud me.*"

From week to week, he never desisted from this infamous manner of writing, and I (always hoping to find in every letter another subject, and suffering myself to be drawn on

by curiosity) read the whole; and my mind was, not indeed perverted, but yet disturbed, removed from noble and holy thoughts. Intercourse with degraded men degrades; unless one has much more than common virtue, much more than mine.

"Thus are you punished," said I to myself, "for your presumption! This is what one gains by wishing to be a missionary, without the requisite holiness!"

One day I resolved to write to him as follows:

"I have hitherto done all in my power to call your attention to other topics; but you continue to send me tales, which, as I told you frankly, displease me. If an exchange of thoughts upon more worthy subjects will be agreeable to you, we will continue the correspondence; otherwise let us shake hands, and each remain by himself."

I was two days without an answer; and at first rejoiced at it. "Blessed solitude!" I exclaimed, "how much less bitter art thou, than a discordant and debasing intercourse! Instead of tormenting myself by reading his immodest language, instead of vainly fatiguing myself to oppose to it the expression of those aspira-

tions that honor humanity, I shall return to hold converse with God, and with the dear recollections of my family and my true friends. I shall again read the Bible much more, I shall write my thoughts upon the table, studying the bottom of my heart and endeavouring to improve it, and shall taste the sweetness of an innocent melancholy, a thousand times preferable to gay and sinful imaginations."

Every time that Tremerello entered my cell, he said, "I have no answer yet."

"It is very well," I replied.

The third day he said to me; "Signor N. N. is somewhat ill."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He does not say; but he is always stretched upon his bed; he neither eats nor drinks, and he is ill-humored."

I was moved at the thought, that he suffered, and had no one to comfort him.

The words escaped from my lips, or rather from my heart; "I will write a few lines to him."

"I will carry them to him this evening," said Tremerello, and he went out.

I felt somewhat embarrassed as I placed myself at the table. "Am I right in resuming our correspondence? Did I not just now bless solitude as a recovered treasure?' What inconsistency then is mine?—Yet that unhappy man neither eats nor drinks; surely he must be ill. Is this the moment to abandon him? My last note was harsh; it may have contributed to afflict him. Perhaps, in spite of our different modes of thinking, he never would have dissolved our friendship. My note may have appeared to him more unkind than it was, and he may have considered me as taking leave of him, finally and contemptuously."

CHAPTER XLI.

I WROTE thus :

"I hear that you are not well, and I am very sorry for it. I wish with all my heart that I were near you, and could perform for you all the offices of a friend. I hope that your ill health has been the only cause of your silence for the last three days. Could you have been offended at my note the other day? I wrote it, I assure you, without the least ill-will, and with the simple design of leading you to more serious subjects of reflection. If writing is injurious to you, only send me exact news of your health. I will write every day some trifle to amuse you, and to remind you that I wish you well."

I could never have anticipated the letter which he sent me in reply. It began thus : "I renounce your friendship. If you do not want mine, I do not want yours. I am not one who pardons offences ; once rejected, I do not return. Because you know that I am ill, you hypocritically address me again, hoping that ill-

ness may have weakened my mind, and may induce me to listen to your preaching." . . . And he went on in this manner, reproaching me violently, ridiculing me, caricaturing all that I had said of religion and morals, protesting that he would live and die always the same, that is, with the greatest hatred and the greatest contempt for all philosophy different from his own.

I was confounded!

"Fine conversions I make!" said I, sorrowful and shocked. "God is my witness that my intentions were pure! — No, I have not deserved these insults! — But patience! I am but undeceived once more. It is the worse for him, if he imagines himself to be offended, that he may enjoy the luxury of withholding his forgiveness! I am not obliged to do more than I have done."

Nevertheless, after a few days my anger abated, and I thought that his crazy letter might have been the result of a transient excitement. "Perhaps he is already ashamed of it," said I; "but is too proud to confess his fault. Would it not be a generous act, now

that he has had time to become calm, to write to him again ?"

It cost me much to make such a sacrifice of self-love ; but I made it. He who humbles himself for no mean end is not degraded, whatever unjust contempt may fall upon him.

I received for answer a letter less violent, but not less insulting. The implacable man told me that he admired my evangelical moderation.

"Now then," pursued he, "we will resume our correspondence ; but let us speak plainly. We do not love each other. Let us each write to amuse himself, putting freely upon paper all that comes into his head ; you, your seraphic imaginations, and I, my blasphemies ; you, your ecstasies upon the dignity of man and woman, I, the ingenuous narratives of my abominations ; I, hoping to convert you, and you, to convert me. Answer me, should the proposal please you."

I replied ; "Yours is not a proposal, but a mockery. I have shown abundant good-will towards you. My conscience requires nothing more of me but to wish you all happiness in this life and in the next."

Thus ended my clandestine intercourse with that man. He was perhaps (who can tell ?) one exasperated by misfortune and crazed by despair, rather than absolutely wicked.

CHAPTER XLII.

Once more I earnestly blessed solitude, and my days again passed for some time without any adventure.

The summer ended; during the last half of September the heat diminished. October came, and I then rejoiced in having a room which would be comfortable in winter. But one morning the gaoler told me that he had orders to change my cell.

"And where am I to go?"

"A few steps from this, into a cooler room."

"And why did you not think of it when I was dying with the heat, when the air was all gnats, and the bed all bugs?"

"The order did not come before."

"Well, patience! let us go."

Although I had suffered so much in that room, it pained me to leave it; not only because it would have been very comfortable in cold weather, but for many other reasons. There I had those ants that I loved and nourished with a solicitude, which I would call almost

paternal, were it not a ridiculous expression. A few days before, that dear spider of which I have spoken had emigrated, I know not from what cause; but I said, "Who knows but he may remember me, and come back? And now, that I am going away, he will perhaps return, and find the cell vacant; or, should there be some other tenant, he may be an enemy to spiders; he may destroy that beautiful web with his slipper, and crush the poor insect! Yet more, had not this sad prison been cheered by the compassion of Zanze? How often has she rested upon that window, and let the crumbs of *buzzolai** fall liberally for my ants. There she used to sit; in that place she told me one story, in this another; there she bent over my table, and her tears dropt upon it!"

The place in which I was put was also in the *Piombi*; but to the north and west, with two windows, one on each side, an abode of perpetual cold, and, in the severe months, of horrible frost.

The window towards the west was very large;

* A kind of little rolls, thus called in Venice.

that towards the north was small, and high above my bed.

I looked out first at the north window, and found that it commanded a view of the palace of the Patriarch. Other prisons were near mine, in a wing of small extent on the right, and in a projection of the building in front. In this projection there were two cells, one above the other ; the lower one had an enormous window, through which I saw a man elegantly dressed, walking about. It was Signor Caporali of Cesena. He saw me, made a signal to me, and we told each other our names.

I then wished to examine the view from my other window ; I placed the table upon the bed and a chair upon the table, climbed up, and saw that it was on a level with a part of the roof of the palace. Beyond the palace appeared a large part of the city and the Lagoon.

I stood observing this beautiful view, and did not move when I heard the door open. It was the gaoler, who, perceiving where I had climbed, forgot that I could not pass through the bars like a mouse, and thought that I was attempting to escape. In the first moment of his alarm, he sprung upon the bed in spite of a rheu-

matism which tormented him, and caught me by the leg, screaming like an eagle.

"But do you not see, stupid fellow, that it is not possible for me to escape on account of these bars? Do you not understand, that I got up here only from curiosity?"

"I see, *Sior*, I see, I understand; but come down, I say, come down; these are temptations to escape."

And there was nothing for me to do, but to get down and laugh.

CHAPTER XLIII.

At the windows of the side prison I recognised six other persons, who were confined for political causes.

Thus, while I had prepared myself for greater solitude than before, I found that I was in a kind of world. At first this was unpleasant to me, either because my long-continued solitary life had already made my disposition somewhat unsocial, or because the unpleasant termination of my acquaintance with Julian had made me distrustful.

But the little intercourse we began to have, partly by words and partly by signs, soon appeared to me an advantage, if not as a stimulus to cheerfulness, at least as a diversion to my thoughts. Of my connexion with Julian I made no mention to any one. We had given our word of honor to each other, that the secret should remain buried in ourselves. I should not have spoken of the subject in these pages, were it not impossible for those under whose eyes they may pass to conjecture, among so

many individuals as were confined in those cells, which was Julian.

Besides this new intercourse with my fellow prisoners, I formed an acquaintance of another kind, which was very agreeable to me.

From the large window I saw, beyond the projecting cells which were in front of me, an extent of roofs, surmounted with chimneys, turrets, belfries, and cupolas, which were lost in the distant perspective of the sea and sky. In the house nearest to me, which was a wing of the Patriarchal palace, dwelt a worthy family, who acquired a title to my gratitude from showing, by their greetings, the pity with which I inspired them. A salutation, a word of love to the unhappy, is a great kindness!

A boy about nine or ten years old began to raise his little hands towards me from a window, and I heard him exclaim:

"Mamma, mamma, they have put some one up in the *Piombi*. Oh, poor prisoner! who are you?"

"I am Silvio Pellico," I replied.

Another boy, rather larger, then ran to the window, and exclaimed:

"Are you Silvio Pellico?"

"Yes, and you, dear boys?"

"My name is Antonio S...., and my brother's is Giuseppe."

Then he turned to some one within and said; "What else shall I ask him?"

And a woman whom I suppose to have been their mother, and who was half concealed, suggested some kind words to those dear children, which they repeated, and for which I thanked them with the liveliest emotion.

These conversations were but a small matter, and it was necessary not to carry them too far, lest they should draw the notice of the gaoler; but every day they were repeated, to my great consolation, in the morning, at noon, and at night. When the lights were brought, and the woman closed the window, the boys cried out; "Good night, Silvio!" and she, emboldened by the darkness, repeated with a tremulous voice; "Good night, Silvio! Be of good courage!"

When those children took their breakfast or supper, they said to me; "Oh that we could give you some of our coffee and milk! Oh that we could give you some of our rolls! Remember to come and see us the day you are set at liberty! We will give you some fine warm rolls, and so many kisses!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

With the month of October returned the most wretched of my anniversaries. I was arrested on the 13th day of this month, the preceding year. Several other sad recollections were connected with it. Two years before, in October, an excellent man, whom I highly honored, was drowned in the Ticino, by an unhappy accident. Three years before, in October, Odoardo Briche, a young man whom I loved as if he were my son, had accidentally killed himself with a gun. In my early youth another heavy affliction had befallen me in October.

Although I am not superstitious, I was made very sad by the recollection of so many unhappy events, which had been fated to occur in this month.

While talking from the window with those boys and with my fellow prisoners, I feigned cheerfulness ; but I had scarcely returned into my den, when an inexpressible load of sorrow weighed upon my soul.

I took up my pen to compose verses, or to engage in some other literary occupation; and an irresistible power seemed to force me to write something altogether different. What did I write? Long letters which I could not send; long letters to my dear family, in which I poured out all my heart. I wrote them on the table, and then erased them. They were warm expressions of tenderness, and recollections of the happiness I had enjoyed with my parents, my brothers, and my sisters, all so indulgent and so affectionate. The longing I felt for them inspired me with an infinite variety of passionate expressions. After having written hours and hours, other sentiments always remained for me to express.

Thus I repeated my biography under a new form, illuded myself by reproducing the image of the past, and forced myself to keep my eyes fixed upon the happy times which were no more. But, oh God! how often, after having represented in a most animated picture the fairest portion of my life, after having excited my imagination to such a degree that I even seemed to be with the persons to whom I spoke, I suddenly recollected the present, and my pen

dropped, and I was seized with horror! Those were truly fearful moments. I had experienced them at other times, but never with such agitation as that which now assailed me.

I attributed this agitation and terrible anguish to the too great excitement of feeling, caused by the epistolary form that I gave to those writings, and by addressing them to persons so dear to me.

I wished to do otherwise, but I could not. I wished at least to give up the epistolary form; I could not. I took the pen, placed myself to write, and the result was always a letter full of tenderness and grief.

"Is my will no longer free?" said I. "Is this necessity of doing what I wish not to do, a wandering of my mind? This has not happened to me before. It might have been accounted for in the early period of my confinement; but now, that I am inured to the life of a prison, now, when my imagination ought to be calm upon all subjects, now, that I have so fortified myself with philosophical and religious reflections, how have I become the slave of the blind desires of my heart, and grown thus childish? Let me apply myself to something else."

I then endeavoured to pray ; or to deaden my feelings by studying the German language. Vain effort ! I found myself beginning to write another letter.

CHAPTER XLV.

Such a state was a real disease ; perhaps I might call it a kind of somnambulism. It was, without doubt, the effect of great exhaustion, produced by thinking and watching.

It went much further. My nights became constantly sleepless, and for the most part feverish. In vain I ceased to take coffee in the evening ; my sleeplessness was the same.

It seemed as if I were two men, one whose will it was to be always writing letters, and another who wished to do differently. "Well," said I, "let us come to an accommodation ; write letters, but write them in German ; thus we shall learn that language."

From this time I wrote every thing in bad German. By doing so I at least made some progress in that study.

In the morning, after long watching, my brain being exhausted, I became sleepy. Then I dreamed, or rather wildly imagined, that I saw my father, my mother, and others who were dear to me, in despair at my fate. I heard

from them the most miserable sobs, and I suddenly awoke, sobbing and affrighted.

Sometimes in those short dreams, I seemed to hear my mother consoling the others who had entered with her into my prison, and addressing to me the most holy words upon the duty of resignation ; and when I rejoiced in her firmness, and in that of my other friends, she suddenly burst into tears, and they all wept. No one can tell what agonies my soul then suffered.

In order to relieve myself from such misery, I tried not to go to bed at all. I kept my lamp burning the whole night, and remained at the table to read and write. But of what use was it ? I found myself after a time reading wide awake, but without understanding any thing, and absolutely incapable of arranging my thoughts. Then I copied something, but while I copied, my mind wandered from what I wrote ; I was ruminating on my afflictions.

Yet if I went to bed, it was worse. No position was tolerable to me while lying down. I threw myself about convulsively, and was compelled to rise. Or if I sometimes slept, my dreams of despair only made me more ill than watching.

I derived no consolation from my prayers, yet I nevertheless repeated them frequently ; not long prayers in words, but invocations to God ! God united to man, and acquainted with human griefs !

In those horrible nights my imagination was excited to such a degree, that even while awake it appeared to me that I sometimes heard groans in my prison, and sometimes stifled laughter. I had never, from my infancy to this time, been a believer in witches and apparitions ; but now that laughter and those groans terrified me ; I knew not how to explain them, and was constrained to doubt, whether I were not the sport of unknown malignant powers.

Many times I took the light trembling, and looked under the bed to see if there was any one there who was mocking at me. Many times the suspicion came upon me, that I had been removed from my first room and brought into this, because there was here some trap-door, or some secret opening in the wall, whence my tormentors observed all I did, and cruelly amused themselves by terrifying me.

While I was seated at the table, it sometimes seemed as if some one pulled me by my

dress, or that a push was given to a book, which fell on the floor, or that some person behind me blew upon the light to extinguish it. Then I sprung upon my feet, looked around, walked about suspiciously, and asked myself, if I were mad, or in my senses. I no longer knew whether what I saw or felt was reality or illusion, and I exclaimed with anguish : — "*Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me?*" ("My God, my God ! why hast thou forsaken me ?")

CHAPTER XLVI.

Once I went to bed a little before dawn. I had no doubt whatever of having put my handkerchief under the bolster. But after a moment's sleep I awoke as usual, and it seemed as if some one were strangling me. I perceived that my neck was tightly bound. How strange! It was bound by my handkerchief, strongly tied with many knots. I could have sworn that I had not made those knots, that I had not touched the handkerchief since I had put it under the bolster. I must certainly have done it, either sleeping or in delirium, without retaining any remembrance of it; but I could not believe it; and from that time was every night in fear of being strangled.

I am aware how ridiculous such wanderings of the mind must appear to others; but I suffered so much from them, that I shudder at the thought of them still.

They disappeared every morning; and as long as the light of day lasted I felt myself so strengthened against their terrors, that it

seemed to me impossible I should ever suffer from them again. But at sunset I began to tremble anew, and every night brought back the wild phantoms of the preceding one.

In proportion to my weakness during the night, were my efforts during the day to appear gay in conversation with my companions, with the two boys in the Patriarchal palace, and with my gaolers. No one who heard me joke as I did, could have imagined the miserable infirmity, from which I was suffering. I hoped to invigorate myself by these efforts; but they were of no avail. Those nocturnal apparitions, which by day I called absurdities, became in the evening frightful realities.

If I had dared, I would have entreated the commission to change my room; but I could not bring myself to it, from the fear of being laughed at.

All my reasonings, all my resolutions, all my studies, all my prayers being in vain, the horrible idea of being totally and for ever abandoned by God took possession of my mind.

All those malignant sophisms against Providence, which, when my understanding was sound, had a few weeks before appeared to me so

foolish, now came swarming into my head, and seemed to me worthy of attention. I struggled against this temptation for several days; then I abandoned myself to it.

I denied the excellence of religion; I said, as I had heard furious atheists say, and as Julian had written to me not long before; "Religion serves only to enfeeble the mind." I was presumptuous enough to believe, that by renouncing my faith in God, my mind would be strengthened. Mad belief! I denied God; and yet was unable to deny the existence of invisible malignant beings, who seemed to surround me, and to feast upon my miseries.

What shall I call this torment? Is it enough to say that it was a disease? Or was it at the same time a divine chastisement, to cast down my pride, and to make me understand that without special light I might become an unbeliever like Julian, and even more insensate than he.

However it may be, God delivered me from this great evil when I least expected it.

One morning after I had taken coffee, I was seized with violent vomiting and colic. I thought I had been poisoned. After being exhausted by vomiting, I was in a profuse perspiration,

and remained in bed. Towards mid-day I fell asleep, and slept peacefully until the evening.

I awoke, surprised at having rested so long; and, thinking that I should sleep no more, I arose. "If I am up," said I, "I shall be better prepared for my usual terrors."

But those terrors did not come. I was transported, and in the fulness of my gratitude, feeling once more the presence of God, I threw myself upon my knees to adore Him, and to ask his forgiveness, for having denied him during many days. This effusion of joy exhausted my strength, and while I was resting upon my knees, supported by a chair, I again fell asleep, and slept in that position.

I know not if it were an hour or many hours afterwards, when I half awoke; but I scarcely had time to throw myself dressed as I was upon the bed, when I again fell into a sleep which lasted till dawn. I continued sleepy all day; in the evening I lay down early and slept the whole night. I am ignorant what crisis had taken place in my disorder, but I was restored to health.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The nausea, and pain in my head, from which I had suffered a long time, ceased, and I had an extraordinary appetite. I digested well, and my strength increased. Wonderful Providence! which had taken away my strength to humble me, and restored it to me as the period drew near when the sentences were to be pronounced, not willing that I should sink under their announcement.

On the 24th of November, one of our companions, Dr. Foresti, was taken from the prisons of the *Piombi*, and carried we knew not whither. The gaoler, his wife, and the *secondini* were terrified, and none of them would give me any light upon the subject.

"And what would you know," said Tremerello, "if there is nothing good to be known? I have told you too much already."

"Of what use is silence?" exclaimed I, trembling. "Have I not understood you? Is he then condemned to death?"

"Who? ... he? ... Dr. Foresti?" ...

Tremerello hesitated ; but the love of talking was not the least of his virtues.

"Do not then say that I am a tattler ; I would not of my own accord open my mouth about these matters. Remember that you have forced me."

"Yes, yes, I have forced you ; but go on! tell me all. What of poor Foresti ? "

"Ah, Signore ! they have made him pass the Bridge of Sighs ! he is in the condemned cells ! The sentence of death has been pronounced upon him and two others."

"And will it be executed ? When ? Unhappy men ! Who are the other two ? "

"I know nothing more. The sentences are not yet published. It is said in Venice, that there will be several commutations of punishment. God grant that none of them may be executed ! God grant, that, if all of them do not escape from death, you at least may. I feel as much affection for you . . . pardon the freedom . . . as if you were my brother ! "

And he went away much moved. The reader may imagine in what agitation I was all that day and the following night, and for several succeeding days, in which I could learn nothing more.

This uncertainty lasted for a month ; finally the sentences relative to the first trial were published. Many persons were found guilty, nine of whom were condemned to death, which as an act of grace was commuted to severe imprisonment *(carcere duro)* ; some being condemned to this for twenty years, others for fifteen, and others for ten or less. In the two former cases the punishment was to be suffered in the fortress of Spielberg, near the city of Brunn, in Moravia ; in the latter, in the fortress of Laybach.

Was the fact, that the punishment of all those included in the first examination had been commuted, an argument that those concerned in the second would likewise be spared from death ? Or would indulgence be exercised only towards the first, because they were arrested before the notifications were published against secret societies, and would all the rigor of the law fall upon the second ?

"The solution of this doubt cannot be distant," said I ; "thanks be to Heaven, that I have time to foresee death, and to prepare myself for it."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

My only care was to die like a Christian and with proper courage. I was tempted to avoid the gibbet by committing suicide ; but this thought passed away. — What merit is there in not suffering one's self to be put to death by an executioner, but becoming instead one's own executioner ? Is it to preserve honor ? And is it not a childish fancy to think there is more honor in cheating the executioner than in not doing so, when one is at all events compelled to die ? — Even if I had not been a Christian, suicide would upon reflection have appeared to me a foolish indulgence, a useless act.

"If the end of my life has arrived," said I to myself, "am I not fortunate that it is in such a manner as to give me time to recollect myself, and to purify my conscience by holy desires and acts of penitence, worthy of a man ? Judging with the vulgar, to die on the gibbet is the worst of deaths ; judging like a wise man, is it not to be preferred to many kinds of death

that follow from disease, accompanied by great weakness of intellect, which leaves no opportunity to raise the soul from low thoughts ? "

I was so deeply penetrated by the truth of this reasoning, that the horror of death, and of that kind of death, entirely passed away. I meditated frequently upon the sacraments, which were to strengthen me for the solemn change ; and I seemed to be in a state to receive them with such dispositions as would render them efficacious. The elevation of soul which I believed myself to possess, the peace, the indulgent feelings towards those who hated me, the joy in being able to sacrifice my life to the will of God ; should I have preserved them, had I been led to execution ? Alas ! how full of contradictions is man ! and when he seems to be strongest and most holy, he may fall in an instant into weakness and sin. God only knows if I should have died worthily. I do not esteem myself so highly as to affirm it.

In the mean time the probable nearness of death so fixed my imagination upon this idea, that death appeared to me not only possible, but signified by an infallible presentiment. No hope of avoiding this destiny any longer en-

tered my heart ; and at every sound of footsteps and of keys, at every opening of my door, I said to myself ; " Courage ! perhaps they come to take me to hear my sentence. Let me listen to it with becoming tranquillity, and bless the Lord."

I reflected upon what I should write for the last time to my family, and to each member of it ; to my father, my mother, to each of my brothers and to each of my sisters ; and while revolving in my mind those expressions of feelings so profound and so sacred, I was tenderly affected, I wept ; yet those tears did not enfeeble my resigned will.

Could it be otherwise than that I should again pass sleepless nights ? But how very different were they from those I had suffered before ! I heard neither groans nor laughter in my room. I imagined neither spirits nor human beings concealed. Night was more pleasant to me than day ; because my thoughts were more concentrated in prayer. Towards four o'clock I usually went to bed, and slept tranquilly for two hours. I then awoke, and remained late in bed in order to rest. I arose about eleven o'clock.

One night having lain down somewhat earlier than usual, I had slept scarcely a quarter of an hour, when I awoke, and saw a great light upon the wall opposite to me. I feared that I had fallen into my former delirium; but what I saw was no illusion. The light came through the north window, beneath which I lay.

I started up, took the table, put it upon my bed, placed a chair upon it, climbed up, and saw one of the most beautiful and terrible spectacles of fire that I can imagine.

It was a great conflagration, at the distance of a musket-shot from our prisons. It caught in the house which contained the public ovens, and consumed it.

The night was very dark, and consequently the vast volumes of flame and smoke were the more conspicuous, agitated as they were by a violent wind. Sparks flew on all sides, and it seemed as if the heavens rained them down. The neighbouring Lagoon reflected the fire. A multitude of gondolas were going and coming. I pictured to myself the alarm and danger of those who lived in the burning house and in its vicinity, and sympathized with them. I heard distant voices of men and women calling

to each other; "Tognina! Momolo! Beppo! Zanze!" Yes, the name of Zanze too sounded in my ears! There are a thousand of them in Venice; yet I feared that it might be that one, whom I remembered with so much interest!—"Can that unfortunate girl be there? and surrounded perhaps by flames! Oh that I might rush to her deliverance!"

Breathless, alarmed, wondering, I remained at the window till daylight; then I descended, oppressed by a mortal sadness, imagining much more harm than had happened. Tremerello told me, that nothing had been burned but the ovens, and the adjoining magazines, with a large number of sacks of meal.

CHAPTER XLIX.

My imagination was still powerfully affected by having seen this conflagration, when a few nights afterwards, — I had not yet gone to bed, but was at the table studying, quite benumbed with cold, — I heard voices at a little distance. They were those of the gaoler, his wife and children, and the *secondini*, crying, — "Fire ! Fire ! Oh blessed Virgin ! Oh we are lost ! "

All feeling of cold immediately left me. I sprang on my feet in a violent perspiration, and looked round to discover the flames ; there were none to be seen.

The fire, however, was in the palace itself, in some offices near the prisons.

One of the *secondini* exclaimed ; "But, Master, what shall we do with these gentlemen, who are caged up here, if the fire increases? "

The gaoler replied ; "I have not the heart to leave them to be roasted. Yet I cannot open the cells without a permit from the commission. Run, then, quick, I say, and ask their leave."

"As quick as possible, *Sior*, but the answer will not be in season, you know."

And where was that heroic resignation, which, when I thought upon death, I had felt so sure of possessing? Why should the idea of burning alive throw me into a fever? As if it were a greater satisfaction to be strangled than to be burned! I thought of this, and was ashamed of myself. I was about to call to the gaoler, to beg him in mercy to open the door; but I restrained myself. Still I was in fear.

"See," said I, "what my courage would be, if, delivered from the flames, I should be led to execution! I shall command myself, I shall hide my cowardice from others, but I shall tremble. But... is there not courage in acting as if we felt no fear, even while we tremble? Is it not generosity to force ourselves to give willingly what we regret to give? Is it not obedience, when we obey with difficulty?"

The uproar in the gaoler's house was so great as to indicate that the danger was continually increasing. And the *secondino*, who had gone to ask permission to remove us, did not return! At last it seemed to me that I heard his voice; I listened, but could not distinguish

his words ; I waited, I hoped ; in vain ! no one came. Is it possible that permission has not been granted for our removal to some place of safety ? And what, if no means of escape remain ? And what, if the gaoler and his family should care only to save themselves, and no one should think more of the poor *encaged* men ?

"But this," I went on, "is not philosophy ; this is not religion ! Should I not do better to prepare myself to see the flames burst into my room, ready to devour me ? "

In the mean time the noises diminished. Gradually they all died away. "And does this prove that the fire has ceased, or have all those fled that could escape, and do none remain except the victims abandoned to so cruel a fate ? "

The continuation of the silence calmed me. I knew that the fire must be extinguished.

I went to bed, and reproached myself for the distress I had suffered as cowardly ; and now, that I was no longer in danger of being burned alive, I regretted that I had not been burned, instead of having soon to suffer death from the hand of man.

The following morning I heard from Tremerello what the fire was, and laughed at the fright which he told me he had been in, as if my own had not been equal to or greater than his.

CHAPTER L.

The 11th day of January, 1822, about nine in the morning, Tremerello took an opportunity to come to me, and said to me in great agitation :

"Do you know that in the island of San Michele di Murano, a short distance from Venice, there is a prison where there are perhaps more than a hundred *carbonari* ? "

"You have told me that before. What do you mean ? . . . Go on. Speak. Have any of them been condemned ? "

"They have been."

"Who ? "

"I do not know."

"Is my poor friend Maroncelli there ? "

"Ah, Signore ! I do not know who is there."

And he went away troubled, looking at me with an expression of pity.

Soon after the gaoler came, accompanied by *secondini*, and by a man whom I had never before seen. The gaoler appeared confused. The stranger addressed me :

"Signore, the commission has ordered that you should go with me."

"Let us go," said I; "and who then are you?"

"I am the keeper of the prison of San Michele, whither you are to be removed."

The gaoler of the *Piombi* gave my money, which he had in his keeping, to this man. I asked and obtained permission to make a present to the *secondini*. I put my things in order, took my Bible under my arm, and departed. As I was descending those endless stairs, Tremerello pressed my hand by stealth. It seemed as if he would say to me; "Unfortunate man! you are lost."

We went out at a door, which opened upon the Lagoon, where was a gondola with two of the new gaoler's *secondini*.

I entered the gondola, affected with opposite emotions; — a certain regret at leaving my dwelling in the *Piombi*, where I had suffered much; but where I had also become attached to some individuals, and they to me; — the pleasure of finding myself, after so long a period of confinement, in the open air, of seeing the sky and the city and the water, without

the melancholy frame of iron gratings; — the recollection of the cheerful gondola, which at a far happier time bore me upon that same Lagoon, the gondolas of the Lago di Como, those of the Lago Maggiore, and the little boats of the Po, and those of the Rhone and of the Saone! . . . Oh smiling, vanished years! Who in the world had ever been so happy as I?"

Born of the kindest parents, in that condition of life which, being at an equal distance from the rich and the poor, enables us to obtain a true knowledge of the state of both, a condition which I esteem the most advantageous for the cultivation of the affections; after a childhood cheered by the tenderest domestic love, I went to Lyons to an aged maternal uncle, very rich and very deserving of his wealth, where all that might serve to enchant a heart longing after elegance and love, had delighted the fervor of my early youth. Thence I returned to Italy, and lived at Milan with my parents, where I pursued my studies, indulged my love for society and books, and met only with excellent friends and flattering applause. Monti and Foscolo, though at variance with each other, were equally kind to me. I

attached myself more to the latter; and although an irritable man, who by his asperities provoked many to dislike him, he was always gentle and cordial towards me, and I regarded him with affectionate respect. The other distinguished literary men also loved me; and I loved them in return. No envy, no calumny ever assailed me, or if they did, they proceeded from persons of so little credit, that they could do me no harm. Upon the fall of the kingdom of Italy, my father took up his residence at Turin with the rest of his family, and I, delaying from time to time to join these dear friends, at last fixed my residence at Milan, where so much happiness surrounded me that I knew not how to resign it.

Among other excellent friends, there were three in Milan to whom I was particularly attached; Don Pietro Borsiere, Monsignor Ludovico di Breme, and Count Luigi Porro Lambertenghi. To these was afterwards added Count Federigo Confalonieri.* Becoming the

* Pietro Borsieri, Ludovico di Breme, and Count Porro, have been already mentioned. Count Federigo Confalonieri, of an illustrious Milanese family, a man of great

tutor of two young children of Porro, I was like a father to them, and like a brother to their father. Not only all the most cultivated men of the city frequented his house, but many distinguished foreigners. Here I became acquainted with De Staël, Schlegel, Davy, Byron, Hobhouse, Brougham, and many other eminent persons from various parts of Europe. What a great pleasure is the acquaintance of men of worth, and how great a stimulus to ennoble one's self! Yes, I was happy! I would not have changed my lot for that of a prince. And from this happy lot I had suddenly fallen among ruffians, to pass from prison to prison, and at last to die on a gibbet or to perish in fetters!

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talents and resolution, was a zealous promoter of popular institutions in Lombardy. The Austrian government, becoming aware of the aversion manifested by the Count to the foreign yoke, which weighed upon his country, had him brought to trial in the years 1822 and 1823, and he was condemned to severe imprisonment *(carcere duro)* for life in the fortress of Spielberg, where he is compelled by rheumatic pains to lie stretched on a wretched bed for six months of the year.

CHAPTER LI.

Revolving such thoughts I arrived at San Michele, and was shut up in a room, which had a view of a court, of the Lagoon, and of the beautiful island of Murano. I inquired for Maroncelli of the gaoler, his wife, and four *secondini*. But they made me short visits, were full of reserve, and would tell me nothing.

However, among five or six persons it would be strange not to find one ready to pity and to talk. I met with such an individual, and learned what follows:

Maroncelli, after having been long alone, had been placed with Count Camillo Laderchi;* but the Count had been released from prison a few days before as innocent, and Maroncelli was again alone. Of our companions, there had also been released, as innocent, Professor Gian-Domenico Romagnosi† and Count Giovan-

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* Count Camillo Laderchi, belonging to one of the most distinguished families of Faenza.

† Gian-Domenico Romagnosi, born in Placentia, was for

ni Arrivabene.* Captain Rezia† and Signor Canova were together. In a cell contiguous to theirs, Professor Ressi‡ lay dying.

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some years Professor of Criminal Law in the University of Pavia, afterward in a high school of law established by the Italian government. He is the author of many philosophical works, but particularly known by the *Genesi del Diritto Penale* (Genesis of Criminal Law), by which he obtained reputation both in and out of Italy.

* Count Giovanni Arrivabene of Mantua, who possessed a considerable fortune, of which he made good use in private charities, and in the maintenance of a school for mutual instruction. Having fallen under the suspicion of the government, he left Italy, and during his exile has written a work which will be useful to every one who interests himself in the good of the human race. It is entitled *Delle Società di Pubblica Beneficenza in Londra* (Of the Societies for Public Charity in London).

† Captain Rezia, an officer of artillery in the army of Italy, was the son of Professor Rezia, a distinguished anatomist, whose preparations are to be seen in the Anatomical Museum at Pavia.

‡ Professor Ressi occupied for several years the chair of Political Economy in the University of Pavia, and is the author of a work which bears the title, *Economia della Specie Umana* (Economy of the Human Race). Having fallen under the suspicion of the Austrian government, he was put in prison, and a year afterwards died in confinement.

"The sentences of those who are not liberated have then arrived," said I. "When is it expected that they will be declared? Perhaps poor Ressi will die, or will be in no situation to hear his sentence; is it not so?"

"I think so."

Every day I inquired for this unfortunate man.

"He has lost his speech; — he has regained it, but his mind wanders, and he does not understand; — he gives few signs of life; — he spits blood often, and his mind is wandering still; — he grows worse; — he is better; — he is dying."

Such answers were given me for many weeks. At last one morning I was told; "He is dead!"

I shed tears for him, and consoled myself by the thought, that he was ignorant of his condemnation!

The following day, the 21st of February, 1822, the gaoler came for me about ten in the forenoon. He conducted me to the hall of the commission, and withdrew. The president, the inquisitor, and the two assistant judges were seated. They rose.

The president, with an expression of gener-

ous commiseration, told me that my sentence had arrived, and that the judgment had been terrible, but that the Emperor had mitigated its severity.

The inquisitor read the sentence; "Condemned to death." He then read the imperial rescript; "The punishment is commuted to fifteen years' severe imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg."

I answered; "The will of God be done!"

And it was truly my intention to receive this terrible blow as a Christian, and neither to show, nor to indulge resentment against any one.

The president praised my tranquillity, and advised me always to preserve it, telling me that it might perhaps depend upon this tranquillity, whether in two or three years I should be considered worthy of further grace. (Instead of two or three, they were many more.)

The other judges likewise addressed to me words of kindness and hope. But one of them, who had always seemed hostile to me during the trial, said something courteous, which yet seemed cutting; and that courtesy, I thought,

was belied by his looks, in which I could have sworn I saw a smile of joy and of insult.

At the present time I would not swear that it was so ; it is very possible that I may have been in error. But then my blood was stirred, and I had to struggle with myself to repress my anger. I dissembled ; and, whilst they were praising me for my Christian patience, I had in reality lost it.

"We regret," said the inquisitor, "that to-morrow the sentence must be announced to you in public ; but the formality cannot be dispensed with."

"Be it so, then," said I.

"From this time we grant you," he added, "the society of your friend." And he called the gaoler, and again consigned me to him, telling him that I was to be put with Maroncelli.

CHAPTER LII.

What a happy moment for my friend and for myself was that of our meeting after a separation of a year and three months, and after so much suffering! The joys of friendship made us, as it were, forget our condemnation for some moments.

Soon however I tore myself from his arms, to write to my father. I earnestly desired that my sad fate should be made known to my family by myself rather than by any one else; so that the anguish of those beloved hearts might be tempered by my words of peace and religion. The judges promised me to send the letter immediately.

After this Maroncelli spoke to me of his trial and I of mine; and we confided to each other various incidents of our imprisonment. Then, going to the window, we saluted three other friends, who were at their windows. Two of them were Canova and Rezia, who were together; the first condemned to six years' severe imprisonment, and the last to three; the third

was Dr. Cesare Armari, who during some months preceding had been my neighbour in the *Piombi*. He had not been condemned, and was afterwards released, being declared innocent.

Talking with one and another was a pleasant distraction of my thoughts during the whole day and evening. But upon going to bed, the light being extinguished, and all being silent, it was not possible for me to sleep; my head burned, my heart bled, while I thought of my family. — Could my aged parents sustain such a misfortune? Would their other children be able to console them? They were all loved as much as I was, and were more worthy than myself; but do a father and mother ever find in the children who remain to them, a compensation for one whom they have lost?

Would that I had thought only of my relations, and of others whom I loved! The remembrance of them afflicted and softened me. But my mind dwelt also on the smile of pleasure and insult which I had imagined in the countenance of that judge, on the trials, on the causes of the different sentences, on political passions, and on the fate of so many of my friends, . . . and I could no longer judge with

indulgence any of my adversaries. God put me to a severe proof! My duty was, to sustain it with fortitude. I could not! I would not! It was more agreeable to me to hate than to forgive. I passed an infernal night.

In the morning I did not pray. The universe appeared to me the work of a power at enmity with good. I had before been a calumniator of God; but I could not have believed it possible for me to become so again, and that within a few hours! Julian in his greatest fury could not be more impious than I was. He who dwells on thoughts of hatred, especially when overwhelmed by a great misfortune, which ought to render him more religious, becomes wicked, even though he may have been righteous. Yes, even though he may have been righteous; because no one can hate without pride. And who art thou, oh miserable mortal, to pretend that none of thy fellow creatures should judge thee severely? to pretend that no one can injure thee in good faith, believing that he acts justly? to complain, if God leaves thee to suffer in one way rather than another?

I felt unhappy that I could not pray; but where pride reigns, it acknowledges no God but itself.

I would willingly have commended my desolate family to a Supreme Supporter, but I no longer believed in Him.

CHAPTER LIII.

At nine in the forenoon, Maroncelli and I were put into a gondola, and were conducted to the city. We landed at the palace of the Doge, and ascended to the prisons. We were put in the room where Signor Caporali had been a few days before. I do not know whither he was removed. Nine or ten *sbirri* were placed as a guard, and we walked about, waiting for the time when we should be led to the Piazza. We waited long; it was not till noon that the inquisitor appeared, and announced to us that it was time to go. The physician was present, and proposed to us to drink a glass of mint-water. We accepted it, and were grateful, not so much for that, as for the deep compassion that the good old man showed for us. It was Dr. Dosmo. The head *sbirro* then advanced, and put handcuffs on us. We followed him, accompanied by the other *sbirri*.

We descended the magnificent *Giants' Stairs*, and remembered the Doge Marino Faliero, who was there beheaded. We entered the great

gateway that opens from the court of the palace upon the Piazzetta, and, arriving there, turned to the left towards the Lagoon. In the centre of the Piazzetta was the scaffold, which we were to ascend. From the *Giants' Stairs* to this scaffold, stood two files of German soldiers, between which we passed.

Having mounted the scaffold, we looked around, and saw the immense crowd of people filled with consternation. In several places, at a distance, other soldiers were drawn up. We were told, that cannon with lighted matches were stationed on every side.

And it was in this very Piazzetta that a mendicant had said to me, in September, 1820, a month previous to my arrest ; — " This is a place of misfortune ! "

I recollected the mendicant, and thought ; — " Who knows but he may be among so many thousands of spectators, and perhaps recognise me ? "

The German captain called out to us to turn toward the palace and look up. We obeyed, and saw upon the open gallery an officer of the court with a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it in a loud voice.

Profound silence reigned until he came to the words, *condemned to death*. Then a general murmur of compassion arose. Silence again succeeded, that the reading might be finished. New murmurs arose at the words ; *condemned to severe imprisonment ; Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*

The captain made a sign to us to descend. We did so, after having once more cast our eyes around us. We again entered the court, reascended the great stairs, and returned to the room from which we had been taken ; our handcuffs were removed, and we were carried back to San Michele.

CHAPTER LIV.

Those who had been condemned before us had already set out for Laybach and Spielberg, accompanied by a commissary of police. The same commissary was now expected back to conduct us to our place of destination. It was a month before he arrived.

During this interval I spent my time in talking and in hearing others talk, in order to distract my mind. Beside this, Maroncelli read to me his literary compositions, and I read mine to him. One evening I read from the window *Ester d' Engaddi* to Canova, Rezia, and Armari, and, the following evening, *Iginia d' Asti*.

But during the night I wept and groaned, and slept little or not at all.

I wished, and at the same time feared, to know how the news of my misfortune had been received by my relations.

At last a letter came from my father. What was my grief, when I found that the last I had addressed to him had not been immediately sent, as I had so earnestly begged of the inquisitor! My unhappy father, who had always

flattered himself that I should be acquitted, one day took up the Milan Gazette, and there found my sentence! He himself told me the cruel circumstance, and left me to imagine the anguish of his soul..

While I felt the greatest sorrow for him, for my mother, and for all my family, how, at the same time did I burn with anger, that my letter had not been more speedily forwarded! It was probably accidental; but I supposed there was infernal malice in this delay. I believed that I saw in it a refinement of barbarity, a desire that the scourge should fall with all possible severity even upon my innocent relations. I could have been willing to shed a sea of blood, in order to punish this fancied inhumanity.

Now that I judge calmly, I do not think my suspicions probable. The delay arose, without doubt, only from negligence.

Furious as I was, I was greatly distressed by hearing that my companions proposed to receive the communion at Easter before their departure. I felt that I ought not to do so, while I had no disposition to forgive. Not to receive it was an offence; yet would that I had given this offence!

CHAPTER LV.

The commissary at last arrived from Germany, and came to tell us that we should set out in two days.

"I have the pleasure," he added, "of being able to give you one consolation. Returning from Spielberg, I saw at Vienna his majesty the Emperor, who told me, that the days of your punishment, Gentlemen, will be calculated of twelve hours' length instead of twenty-four. By this expression he intends to signify, that the punishment is diminished one half."

This diminution was never officially announced to us; but there was no probability that the commissary spoke an untruth, particularly as he did not give us the intelligence secretly, but with the knowledge of the commission.

Yet I could not rejoice at this. Seven years and a half in chains were scarcely less horrible to my mind than fifteen. It appeared to me impossible I should live so long.

My health was again very miserable. I suffered severe pains in the breast, with a cough,

and I believed that my lungs were affected. I ate but little, and even that I did not digest.

Our departure was in the night between the 25th and 26th of March. We were permitted to embrace our friend Dr. Cesare Armari. A *sbirro* chained us transversely, the right hand to the left foot, to render our escape impossible. We stept into a gondola, and the guards rowed towards Fusina.

Arrived there, we found two carriages prepared. Rezia and Canova went in one, Maroncelli and I in the other. In one of the carriages was the commissary with two of the prisoners, in the other an under-commissary with the two others. Six or seven guards of the police armed with muskets and sabres, part within the carriage, and part on the box of the driver, completed the convoy.

To be forced by misfortune to leave one's country is always painful; but to leave it in chains, to be carried to a horrible climate, destined to languish for years among malefactors, is something so distressing, that no language can describe it.

As I approached the Alps, my countrymen became every hour more and more dear to me,

in consequence of the pity everywhere expressed for us by those we met. In every city, in every village, wherever houses were scattered, we were expected, as our condemnation had been publicly known for some weeks. In several places, the commissaries and the guards could scarcely disperse the crowd that surrounded us. It is wonderful how much sympathy was manifested towards us.

In Udine, an affecting and unexpected incident occurred. Upon our arrival at the inn, the commissary had the gate of the court-yard shut, in order to keep back the people. He assigned us a room, and directed the servants to bring supper and the necessaries for sleeping. An instant afterwards three men entered with mattresses upon their shoulders. What was our astonishment upon perceiving, that only one of them was in the service of the house, and that the others were two of our acquaintances! We pretended to assist them in putting down the mattresses, and secretly took them by the hand. Tears overflowed from their hearts and from ours. Oh! how painful it was to us to be unable to shed them in each other's arms!

The commissaries did not observe this affecting scene ; but I suspected that one of the guards discovered the secret, as the good Dario was pressing my hand. That guard was a Venetian. He looked Dario and me in the face, turned pale, and seemed to hesitate whether he should raise his voice ; but he was silent and turned away his eyes, as if he had observed nothing. If he did not conjecture that they were our friends, he at least thought that they were servants with whom we were acquainted.

CHAPTER LVI.

In the morning we left Udine, when it was scarcely dawn. The affectionate Dario was already in the street, wrapped in his cloak; he saluted us again, and followed us for a long time. We also saw a coach following us for two or three miles. Some one in it waved a handkerchief. At last, it turned back. Who was it? We had our suspicions.

Oh may God bless all those generous souls, who are not ashamed to love the unfortunate. How much more highly do I prize them, since, during the period of my calamity, I have known some cowards who have renounced me, and thought to benefit themselves, by echoing reproaches against me. But these latter were few, and the number of the former was not small.

I deceived myself by supposing, that the compassion which we found in Italy would cease, when we were in a foreign land. The good man is always a fellow countryman of the unhappy! In passing through the Illyrian and German provinces, it was the same as in our

own country. The exclamation was universal; "*Arme Herren!*" (Poor gentlemen!)

Sometimes upon entering a place, our carriage was obliged to stop until it was decided where we should lodge. Then the populace pressed around us, and we heard words of compassion, which truly burst from the heart. The kindness of those people affected me still more than that of my countrymen had done. Oh! how grateful I was to them all! What a solace is the compassion of our fellow men! How pleasant it is to love them!

The consolation thus afforded me effectually diminished my indignation against those I called my enemies.

"Who knows," thought I, "if we could see each other face to face, and if I could read their souls, and they mine; who knows, but I might be forced to acknowledge that there is no wickedness in them; and they, that there is none in me? Who knows, but we should be constrained to feel mutual compassion and love?"

Much too often men detest one another, because they are mutual strangers, when if they

would interchange a few words, one would give his arm in confidence to the other.

We remained one day at Laybach, where Canova and Rezia were separated from us, and taken to the castle. It is easy to imagine how painful this separation was to all four of us.

The evening of our arrival at Laybach, and the following day, a gentleman had the politeness to make us a visit, who told us, if I rightly understood, that he was a municipal secretary. He was very humane, and spoke of religion with feeling and propriety. I suspected that he was a priest, for priests in Germany commonly dress exactly like laymen. He had one of those ingenuous countenances that inspire esteem. I regretted that I could not have a longer acquaintance with him, and am sorry to have been so careless as to forget his name.

How gratifying it would also be to me to know the name of a young girl, who, in a village of Styria, followed us in the midst of a crowd, and, when our carriage stopped for a few minutes, saluted us with both hands, then went away with a handkerchief to her eyes, resting upon the arm of a melancholy looking young

man, who by his fair hair appeared to be a German, but who perhaps had been in Italy, and had become attached to our unhappy nation !

How gratifying it would be to me, to know the names of each one of those venerable fathers and mothers of families, who in different places approached us, to ask if we had parents ; and upon being answered in the affirmative, turned pale, and exclaimed ; " Oh, may God soon restore you to them ! How unhappy they must be in their old age ! "

CHAPTER LVII.

We arrived at the place of our destination on the 10th of April.

The city of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, and the residence of the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia. It is situated in a pleasant valley, and has a certain appearance of wealth. At the time of which I speak, there were many flourishing manufactories of cloth in the place, but they afterwards fell into decay. The population was about thirty thousand.

Near the walls, on the west, rises a hill, on which stands the ill-omened fortress of Spielberg; once the palace of the lords of Moravia, now the severest prison of the Austrian government. It was formerly a very strong citadel; but the French bombarded and took it at the time of the famous battle of Austerlitz, so named from a village at a little distance. It was not repaired so as to serve for a fortress; but part of the outer wall, which had been destroyed, was rebuilt. About three hundred

convicts, for the most part robbers and assassins, are here confined ; some condemned to severe imprisonment *(carcere duro)*, others to very severe *(durissimo)*.

Those condemned to *severe imprisonment* are obliged to labor, to wear chains on the feet, to sleep on bare boards, and to eat the poorest food imaginable. Those condemned to *very severe imprisonment* are chained more heavily, with a band of iron round the waist, the chain being fastened in the wall, so that they can walk only just by the side of the boards which serve them for a bed ; their food is the same, although the law says, *bread and water*.

We, prisoners of state, were condemned to *severe imprisonment*.

As we ascended the hill, we turned our eyes back to bid adieu to the world, uncertain whether the gulf, that was about to swallow us alive, would ever be unclosed for us. I was tranquil in appearance, but I raged within. In vain I sought calmness from philosophy ; philosophy could afford me no sufficient support.

I left Venice in bad health, and had been miserably wearied by the journey. My head and my whole body were in pain. I burned with

fever. Disease heightened my exasperation, and this exasperation probably aggravated my disease.

We were consigned to the superintendent of Spielberg ; and our names were registered by him among those of the robbers. The imperial commissary at his departure embraced us, and was affected : — "I particularly recommend docility to you, Gentlemen," said he ; "the smallest infraction of discipline may be severely punished by the superintendent."

The consignment being made, Maroncelli and I were conducted to a subterranean corridor, where two dark rooms, not adjoining, were opened for us. Each of us was shut up in his den.

CHAPTER LVIII.

After having bid farewell to so many objects, when only two friends, equally unfortunate, remain together, it is indeed a most bitter thing for them to be parted. Maroncelli, when he left me, perceived that I was ill, and mourned for me, as for one whom he should probably never more see. I mourned for him, as for a vigorous plant in full flower, snatched perhaps for ever from the vital light of the sun. And, alas! how that plant withered! He was restored to the light; but alas! in what a state!

When I found myself alone in this horrible den, and heard the bolts fastened, and distinguished, by the dim light which fell from the small, high window, the bare boards given me for a bed, and an enormous chain in the wall, I seated myself on that bed shuddering; I took up the chain, and measured its length, thinking it was intended for me.

Half an hour after, I heard the keys grate; the door was opened; the head gaoler brought me a pitcher of water.

"This is to drink," said he, with a rough voice; "and to-morrow morning I shall bring the bread."

"Thank you, good man."

"I am not good," he replied.

"The worse for you," said I to him, irritated. "This chain," I added, "is perhaps for me?"

"Yes, if you do not keep quiet, if you should grow furious, or speak insolently. But if you will be reasonable, we shall only put a chain on your feet. The smith is preparing it."

He walked slowly up and down, shaking his vile bunch of large keys; and I, with angry eyes, observed his gigantic, meagre, aged figure; and though the features of his face were not vulgar, yet every thing about him seemed to me to exhibit the most odious expression of brutal severity.

Oh! how unjust men are, when they judge from appearances, and according to their arrogant prejudices! The man, who, as I fancied, took pleasure in shaking his keys, to make me feel his power more bitterly, he, whom I considered as hardened by long habits of cruelty,

was full of compassionate thoughts, and spoke in so rough a manner only to conceal his feelings. He wished to hide them, that he might not appear weak, and through fear of my being an unworthy object ; but at the same time, thinking that perhaps I was more unfortunate than guilty, he was desirous of manifesting his sympathy.

Annoyed by his presence, and still more by his assuming the air of a master, I thought proper to humble him, by saying to him imperiously, as if addressing a servant, "Give me the water."

He looked at me with an expression, which seemed to say, "Arrogant man ! you must here give up the habit of ordering."

But he was silent, he bent his long back, took the pitcher from the floor, and gave it to me. I perceived, as I took it, that he trembled, and attributing this trembling to his old age, a mixture of pity and respect tempered my pride.

"How old are you ?" said I, in a kind tone.

"Seventy-four, Sir. I have in times past seen many misfortunes of my own and of others."

While alluding to his own misfortunes and those of others, he again trembled as he took back the pitcher; and I suspected that it was the effect, not merely of old age, but of some generous emotion; and the thought removed from my mind the dislike, which his first appearance had excited.

"What is your name?" said I.

"A freak of fortune, Sir, has given me the name of a great man. I am called Schiller."

Then in a few words he told me his country, and his origin, what wars he had been in, and what wounds he had received.

He was a Swiss, of a peasant's family; he had fought against the Turks under General Laudon in the time of Maria Theresa and of Joseph the Second, and afterward in all the wars of Austria against France, until the fall of Napoleon.

CHAPTER LIX.

When we conceive a better opinion of a person of whom we had before thought ill, then upon observation we seem to discover in his countenance, voice, and manners, evident signs of goodness. Is this discovery a reality? I suspect it to be an illusion. The same countenance, voice, and manners appeared to us a little while before to give evident tokens of a bad character. If our judgment be changed with regard to the moral qualities, the conclusions of our physiognomical science suddenly change. How many faces do we venerate, because we know they belong to excellent men, which would not seem at all suited to inspire veneration, if they belonged to other mortals! And so on the other hand. I once laughed at a lady, who seeing a representation of Catiline, and confounding him with Collatinus, thought she discovered in it the sublime grief of Collatinus for the death of Lucretia. Yet such illusions are common.

I do not mean to deny that there may be faces of good men which bear the stamp of goodness strongly impressed upon them, and that there may be faces of scoundrels strongly marked with the stamp of wickedness; but I maintain, that in many the expression is doubtful.

Old Schiller having made some progress in my favor, I observed him more attentively than at first, and he was no longer unpleasant to me. In truth, his conversation, notwithstanding a certain degree of roughness, bore marks even of a noble mind.

"Being a corporal," said he, "they have given me the wretched office of gaoler as an easier duty; but God knows that it costs me much more suffering than it would to risk my life in battle."

I repented of having asked him for water so haughtily a short time before. "My dear Schiller," said I to him, pressing his hand, "you deny it in vain; I know that you are a good man, and, since I have fallen into this adversity, I thank Heaven for having given me you for my keeper."

He listened to my words, shook his head, and then replied, rubbing his forehead like one who has an unpleasant thought :

"I am a harsh man, Sir ; I was made to take an oath which I will never break. I am obliged to treat all prisoners, having no regard to their rank, without indulgence, without permitting any abuses, and particularly so prisoners of state. The Emperor knows what he is doing ; I must obey him."

"You are an honest man, and I shall respect what you think due to conscience. He who acts conscientiously may err ; but he is pure before God."

"Poor gentleman ! have patience and pity me. I shall be hard as iron in the performance of my duties ; but my heart ... my heart is full of regret that I cannot relieve the unhappy. This is what I meant."

We were both affected. He begged me to be quiet, not to become furious, as condemned persons often do ; not to force him to treat me with severity.

He then assumed a rough manner, as if to conceal from me in part the pity which he felt, and said,

"Now I must go."

Then he turned back, asking me how long I had coughed so badly, and vented a hearty curse against the physician, for not having come that very evening to visit me."

"You have a raging fever," he added; "I can perceive that. You need a straw bed at least; but, till the physician has ordered it, we cannot give you one."

He went out and shut the door; and I laid myself upon the hard boards, feverish, and with severe pain in the breast; but less irritated, less at enmity with men, less distant from God.

CHAPTER LX.

In the evening the superintendent came, accompanied by Schiller, another corporal, and two soldiers, to make an examination.

Three daily examinations were prescribed; one in the morning, one in the evening, and one at midnight. They examined every corner of the prison, every trifling article; then the inferiors went out, and the superintendent (who never failed to come morning and evening) stopped to converse a little with me.

The first time that I saw this troop, a strange thought came into my head. Being as yet ignorant of those vexatious usages, and delirious from fever, I fancied they were coming to kill me, and grasped the long chain which was near me, to break the head of the first who should approach me.

"What are you doing?" said the superintendent; "we have not come to injure you. This is a formal visit to all the prisoners, to assure ourselves that there is nothing irregular."

I hesitated ; but when I saw Schiller advance, and in a friendly manner extend his hand to me, his paternal aspect inspired me with confidence ; I dropped the chain, and took his hand between mine.

"Oh ! how it burns !" said he to the superintendent ; "a straw bed might at least be given him !"

He pronounced these words with an expression of such genuine, affectionate sympathy, that I was touched by it.

The superintendent felt my pulse, and compassionated me. He was a man of courteous manners, but dared not take any responsibility.

"All is rigorous here, even for me," he said. "If I do not execute what is prescribed to the letter, I run the risk of being removed from my place."

Schiller thrust out his lips, and, I would have ventured, thought within himself: "If I were superintendent, I would not carry my apprehensions so far ; nor could the taking a responsibility, so justified by necessity, and so harmless to the government, ever be considered as a great offence."

When I was alone, my heart, which had been for some time incapable of deep religious feelings, was softened, and I prayed. It was a prayer for blessings upon the head of Schiller; and I added, "Grant, that I may discern in others some qualities which may attach me to them; I accept all the torments of my prison; but oh! let me love! Oh! deliver me from the torment of hating my fellow-creatures!

At midnight I heard many steps in the passage; the keys grated, the door was opened. It was the corporal with two guards for the visit.

"Where is my old Schiller?" said I earnestly. He had remained in the corridor.

"I am here, I am here," he answered.

And he came to the boards on which I was lying, felt my pulse again, and bent down anxiously to look at me, like a father over the bed of his sick son.

"And now I remember it, to-morrow is Thursday!" he muttered; "yes, Thursday, too surely!"

"And what do you mean by that?"

"Why, the physician does not commonly come except on Monday, Wednesday, and Fri-

day morning, and to-morrow, too surely, he will not come."

"Do not disturb yourself about that."

"Not disturb myself! Not disturb myself! Through the whole city there is nothing spoken of, but the arrival of you gentlemen; the physician cannot be ignorant of it. Why the devil has he not made the extraordinary effort to come once oftener than usual?"

"Who knows but he may come to-morrow, though it is Thursday?"

The old man said nothing more; but he pressed my hand with such brute force as almost to maim me. But though I was hurt, I took pleasure in it. Like the pleasure which a lover feels, if by chance his mistress, as she dances, treads upon his toe; his first impulse may be to cry out with the pain, but he smiles instead, and esteems himself happy.

CHAPTER LXI.

On Thursday morning, after a very bad night, weak, and with my bones aching from lying on the boards, I was seized with a profuse perspiration. The visitation was made. The superintendent was not present ; as that hour was inconvenient to him, he came somewhat later.

I said to Schiller ; "You perceive how wet I am with perspiration ; but it is growing cold on my skin. I must change my linen immediately."

"It cannot be!" he exclaimed in a rough tone.

But he secretly made a sign to me with his eyes and hand. The corporal and the guards went out, and, just as he shut the door, he turned to make me another sign.

Shortly after he came back, bringing me one of his own shirts, twice the length of my body.

"It is a little too long for you," said he, "but I have no other here now."

"I thank you, friend ; but, as I brought to Spielberg a trunk full of linen, I hope that the

use of my shirts will not be refused me ; have the kindness to go and ask the superintendent for one of them."

"It is not permitted us to allow you the use of any of your linen. Every Saturday one of the prison shirts will be given to you, as to the other convicts."

"Good old man," said I, "you see in what a state I am ; it is little likely that I shall ever go alive from this place. I can never make you any recompense."

"For shame !" he exclaimed, "for shame ! to speak of recompense to one, who can render you no services ! to one, who can scarcely by stealth lend a sick man wherewith to dry his body, when dripping with perspiration !"

And he ungraciously drew his long shirt over me, went out muttering, and shut the door with the violence of an angry man.

About two hours after he brought me a piece of brown bread.

"This," said he, "is your portion for two days."

Then he began to walk about in a passion.

"What ails you ?" said I. "Are you angry with me ? I have accepted the shirt you favored me with."

"I am angry with the physician, who might have deigned to come, although it is Thursday!"

"Patience!" said I.

I said "Patience!" but I strove in vain to rest upon boards without even a pillow; all my bones ached.

At eleven o'clock dinner was brought me by one of the criminals, accompanied by Schiller. It was contained in two iron pots, in one of which was some very bad broth; in the other a mess of beans, dressed with a kind of sauce of which the mere smell was disgusting.

I attempted to swallow some spoonfuls of the broth; but it was impossible."

Schiller kept saying, "Take courage, try to accustom yourself to this food; or it will be with you as it has been with others, who, eating nothing but a little bread, have in that way died of exhaustion.

At last on Friday morning Dr. Bayer came. He found me feverish, ordered me a straw bed, and insisted that I should be taken from that subterraneous cell, and carried to the floor above. It could not be; there was no room vacant. But, a report being made to Count

Mitrowski, governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia, resident at Brünn, he replied, that, considering the severity of my illness, the directions of the physician must be followed.

Some light shone into the room that was now given me; and climbing up to the bars of the narrow window, I saw the valley beneath, a part of the city of Brünn, a suburb with many small gardens, the cemetery, the little lake of the Carthusian convent, and the woody hills which separated us from the famous field of Austerlitz.

The view enchanted me. Oh! how delighted I should have been, could I have shared it with Maroncelli!

CHAPTER LXII.

Meanwhile our prison dresses were making. About five days from this time mine was brought me.

It consisted of a pair of pantaloons of coarse cloth, the right side grey, the left of orange color; a waistcoat of the two colors, disposed in the same way; and a jacket, likewise of these colors, but arranged in the opposite way, that is to say, the orange on the right, and the grey on the left. The stockings were of coarse wool, the shirt of tow cloth full of shives, a real sack-cloth; round the neck was a piece of cloth like the shirt. The shoes were of uncolored leather, laced. The hat was white.

This livery was completed by chains on the feet, that is to say, a chain from one leg to the other, the links of which were secured by rivets, which were fastened on an anvil. The smith who performed this operation on me said to a guard, supposing that I did not understand German, "Ill as he is, he might have been spared this sport; two months will not

pass before the angel of death will come to deliver him."

"*Möchte es seyn !* (May it be so !)" said I to him, tapping him on the shoulder with my hand.

The poor man started and was confused ; then he said ;

"I hope I may not be a true prophet, and I wish you may be delivered by quite another angel."

"Does it not seem to you, that rather than live thus, even the angel of death would be welcome ?"

He gave a nod of assent, and went out, commiserating me.

In truth I should have willingly ceased to live ; but I was not tempted to commit suicide. I confidently expected that the disease of my lungs would soon afford me release. But this was not the will of God. The fatigue of the journey had made me very ill ; repose gave me some relief.

A moment after the smith had gone, I heard his hammer sound upon the anvil in one of the subterranean dungeons. Schiller was still in my room.

"Hear those strokes," said I; "they are surely putting the fetters on poor Maroncelli."

And, as I said this, my heart was so oppressed, that I staggered and should have fallen, if the good old man had not supported me. I remained more than half an hour in a state that appeared like fainting, yet was not. I could not speak, my pulse scarcely beat, a cold sweat covered me from head to foot; yet I heard all Schiller's words, and had a most lively remembrance of the past and knowledge of the present.

The orders of the superintendent and the vigilance of the guards had hitherto preserved silence in all the neighbouring cells. Three or four times I had heard the sound of an Italian air; but it was quickly suppressed by the calls of the sentinels. Of these there were several placed on the terrace under our windows, and one in the corridor, who went back and forth listening continually at the doors, and looking through the openings in them to prohibit all noise.

One day, towards evening, (every time I think of it the palpitations I then felt are renewed,) the sentinels by some happy accident

were less attentive, and I heard an air from beginning to end, sung in rather a low but clear voice, in the cell adjoining my own.

Oh! what joy, what agitation I felt!

I rose from my straw bed, listened attentively, and when it ceased I could not restrain my tears.

"Who are you, unfortunate man?" I exclaimed; "who are you? Tell me your name. I am Silvio Pellico."

"Oh Silvio!" cried my neighbour. "I do not know you personally, but I have loved you for a long time. Come near to the window, and let us talk to each other in spite of the ruffians."

I climbed up to the window; he told me his name, and we exchanged a few words of kindness.

It was Count Antonio Oroboni, a native of Fratta, near Rovigo, a young man twenty-nine years of age.

Alas! we were soon interrupted by the menacing shouts of the sentinels. The one who was in the corridor knocked loudly with the but-end of his musket, first at Oroboni's door, then at mine. We would not, we could not

obey ; but soon the curses of those guards compelled us to cease, after agreeing to resume our conversation when the sentinels should be changed.

CHAPTER LXIII.

We hoped, and so in fact it happened, that if we spoke lower we should be able to hear each other, and that sometimes there would be compassionate sentinels, who would feign not to perceive our talking. By repeated trials we learned to speak in a voice so low, that, although it was sufficient for our ears, it either was not overheard, or might be suffered to go unnoticed. Sometimes, indeed, it happened, that we had listeners of more acute hearing, and sometimes we forgot to be discreet in regulating our voices. Then the sentinels again began to shout at us, and to knock at our doors ; and what was worse than this, was the anger of poor Schiller and of the superintendent.

By degrees we perfected ourselves in all the necessary precautions ; that is to say, we conversed at certain times of the day rather than at others, only when particular guards were on duty, and always in a very low voice. Either from the skill we had acquired, or from a habit

of indulgence in others which had been gradually formed, we were able at last to converse a great deal every day, with little further reproof from those who were placed over us.

We formed a tender friendship. He gave me an account of his life, and I gave him an account of mine. The sufferings and consolations of one became the sufferings and consolations of the other. Oh! what comfort we gave to each other! How often in the morning, after a sleepless night, each of us would go to the window and salute his friend, and at the sound of that welcome voice feel the sadness of his heart alleviated, and his courage redoubled! We were mutually persuaded of our usefulness to each other, and this assurance made us strive to outdo each other in kind thoughts, and gave us that satisfaction which man has, even in misery, when he can benefit his fellow creatures.

After every conversation we felt a desire of renewing it and entering into further explanations. Our intercourse was a vital, perennial stimulus to the intellect, the memory, the imagination, and the heart.

At first, recollecting Julian, I distrusted the constancy of this new friend. "Hitherto," thought I, "nothing has occurred, to produce disagreement ; but, one day or other, I may in some way displease him, and then he will give me up.

This suspicion very soon vanished. Our opinions coincided upon all essential points. Except that to a noble soul, glowing with generous feelings, unconquered by misfortune, he united the most sincere and entire faith in Christianity ; while in me this faith had become wavering, and sometimes I thought it entirely extinct.

He combated my doubts with the most just reflections, and with great affection. I felt that he was right, and yielded to him ; but my doubts returned. This happens to all who have not the Gospel in their hearts, to all who hate others, and grow proud of themselves. The mind perceives the truth for an instant ; but, as the truth is not agreeable, it disbelieves it an instant after, forcing itself to turn its view elsewhere.

Oroboni powerfully directed my attention to the motives, which man has for indulgence to-

wards his enemies. I never spoke to him of any one I disliked, that he did not skilfully undertake to defend him; and he influenced me not only by words, but by his example. Several individuals had injured him; he lamented it, but he forgave them all; and if it were possible to tell me something praiseworthy of any one of them, he did so willingly.

The irritation which had mastered me, and had made me irreligious from the time of my condemnation, still lasted for some weeks; then it entirely ceased. The virtue of Oroboni had charmed me. Earnestly endeavouring to attain it, I at least began to follow in his steps. Then I could again pray sincerely for all men, and no longer hated any one; my doubts about religion vanished. *Ubi charitas et amor, Deus ibi est.* (Where charity and love are, there is God.)

CHAPTER LXIV.

To say the truth, if our punishment was very severe, and likely to irritate us, it was at the same time our rare fortune to see none but well-disposed persons. They could not better our condition except by their kind and respectful manners; but these were practised by all. If there was some roughness in old Schiller, how was it compensated for by the nobleness of his heart! Even the miserable Kunda, (one of the convicts, who brought us dinner, and three times a day water,) would fain have us see that he pitied us. He swept our rooms twice a week. One morning, while he was sweeping, he seized the moment when Schiller had gone a few steps from the door, to offer me a piece of white bread. I did not accept it, but cordially pressed his hand. My pressing his hand affected him. He said to me in bad German, (he was a Pole,) "Sir, they give you so little to eat now, that you surely must suffer from hunger."

I assured him that I did not; but I assured him of what was incredible.

The physician, seeing that none of us could eat the kind of food that had been first given us, put us all upon what was called *a quarter portion*, that is, the food of the hospital. This was, some very thin soup, three times a day, a small piece of roast lamb that might be swallowed at a mouthful, and perhaps three ounces of white bread. As my health went on improving, my appetite increased, and that *quarter* was really too little. I tried to return to the food for the healthy, but I gained nothing by the exchange ; since this was so disgusting that I could not eat it. It was absolutely necessary that I should keep to the *quarter*. For more than a year I knew by experience what are the torments of hunger. And these torments some of my companions suffered still more severely ; because, being more robust than I, they had been accustomed to take a greater quantity of food. I know from some of them, that they accepted bread from Schiller and from the other two guards who were employed about us, and even from the good Kunda.

The barber, a young man who attended us as surgeon, said to me one day, "It is reported in the city that they give you gentlemen but little to eat."

"It is very true," said I frankly.

The following Saturday, (he came every Saturday,) he wanted to give me secretly a large loaf of white bread. Schiller pretended not to see him offer it. Had I listened to my stomach, I should have accepted it ; but I refused decidedly, that the poor young man might not be tempted to repeat his gift, which in time might have occasioned him inconvenience.

For the same reason I refused the offers of Schiller. Many times he brought me a piece of boiled meat, begging me to eat it, and protesting that it cost him nothing, that it had been left, that he knew not what to do with it, that he should have to give it to some one else, if I would not take it. I could have seized and devoured it ; but if I had taken it, would he not have wished to give me something every day ?

Only twice, once when he brought me a plate of cherries, and once some pears, the sight of the fruit fascinated me irresistibly. But I repented of having taken them, for the very reason, that from that time he never ceased to make me similar offers.

CHAPTER LXV.

It was from the first an established rule, that each of us should be permitted to walk for an hour twice a week. This relaxation was afterwards granted every other day, and at a later period, every day, except the holidays.

We were each taken to walk separately, between two guards with muskets on their shoulders. I, being at the head of the corridor, passed, when I went out, the cells of all the Italian state criminals, except Maroncelli, who alone languished below.

"A pleasant walk to you!" each whispered through the opening in his door; but I was not allowed to stop to salute any one.

We descended a staircase, passed through a large court, and went upon a terrace, situated to the south, whence the city of Brünn, and much of the surrounding country, were to be seen.

In the court above mentioned there were always many of the common criminals, going to or returning from their labor, and talking

together as they passed along in company. Among them were several Italian robbers, who saluted me with great respect, and said among themselves, "He is not a rogue like us; yet his imprisonment is more severe than ours."

In fact, they had much more liberty than I had.

I heard these and other expressions, and I returned their salutations with cordiality. One of them once said to me, "Your greeting, Signore, does me good. Perhaps you see something in my face that is not very bad. An unhappy passion led me to commit a crime; but oh Signore, I am not, indeed I am not a villain!"

And he burst into tears. I held out my hand to him, but he could not take it. My guards, not from bad feeling, but in obedience to their orders, repulsed him. They might not allow any one to approach me. The words that those criminals intended for me, they for the most part said, as it were, among themselves; and, if my two soldiers perceived that they were directed to me, they ordered silence.

Men of various conditions, not resident in the castle, who came to visit the superintendent,

or the chaplain, or the sergeant, or some of the corporals, likewise passed through the court. "There is one of the Italians! There is one of the Italians!" said they in a low voice, stopping to look at me; and often I heard them say in German, which they thought I did not understand, "That poor gentleman will never grow old; he has death in his face."

In fact, after being at first in better health, I languished from the want of food, and again suffered from frequent attacks of fever. I was scarcely able to drag my chain to the place for walking, and there I threw myself upon the turf, where I commonly remained till my hour was passed.

The guards stood or seated themselves near me, and we talked together. One of them, named Kral, was a Bohemian, who, although belonging to a poor peasant's family, had received a certain degree of education, and had improved himself, as much as he had been able; reflecting with great discernment upon the things of the world, and reading all the books which fell into his hands. He was acquainted with Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, and Schiller, and with many other good German writers. He

knew a great number of passages by heart, and repeated them with intelligence and feeling. The other guard was a Pole, named Kubitski, ignorant, but respectful and cordial. Their company was very pleasant to me.

CHAPTER LXVI.

At one end of this terrace were the rooms of the superintendent; at the other, a corporal lived with his wife and infant son. Whenever I saw any one come out of these dwellings, I rose up and approached the person or persons who appeared, and was loaded with tokens of courtesy and compassion.

The wife of the superintendent had long been ill, and was slowly declining. Sometimes she was brought upon a sofa into the open air. It is impossible to describe how much she was affected, while expressing to me the compassion she felt for us all. Her countenance was sweet and timid; yet, although timid, she now and then fixed her eyes with intense inquiring confidence upon the face of him who spoke to her.

I once said to her smiling, "Do you know, Madam, that you resemble a person who was dear to me?"

She blushed, and answered with serious and lovely simplicity, "Do not then forget me when

I am dead ; pray for my poor soul, and for the little children that I leave upon earth."

From that day she could not quit her bed ; I saw her no more. She languished for some months, and then died.

She had three children, beautiful as Loves, and one yet an infant. Their poor mother often embraced them in my presence and said ; "Who knows who will become their mother after me ! Whoever she may be, the Lord give her the heart of a mother even for children to whom she did not give birth ! " — And she wept.

A thousand times I have remembered that prayer and those tears.

When she was no more, I often embraced those children, I was affected, and repeated that maternal prayer. I thought of my own mother, and of the ardent prayers, which, without doubt, her affectionate heart was offering for me, and I exclaimed with sobs ; "Oh ! how much more happy is the mother, who, dying, leaves her children young, than she, who, after having brought them up with infinite care, sees them torn from her ! "

Two good old women were commonly with those children; one was the mother of the superintendent, the other his aunt. They were desirous to know all my story, and I related it to them briefly.

"How sorry we are," said they, with an expression of real feeling, "that we can do nothing to help you! But you may be certain that we shall pray for you, and should you at any time receive your pardon, it will be a holiday for all our family."

The former of them, whom I saw most frequently, possessed a sweet and uncommon power of eloquence in giving consolation. I listened to her with filial gratitude, and her words remained fixed in my heart.

She said things with which I was familiar, yet they struck me as new; "That misfortune does not degrade man, but rather elevate him, if he be true to himself; that, if we could enter into the counsels of God, we should often see that the conqueror was to be compassionated rather than the conquered, the joyful rather than the sad, and the rich rather than he who is despoiled of all; that the especial friendship shown by the God-man for the unhappy is the

expression of a great truth, and that we should glory in the cross, since it was borne by a divine being."

But these two good old women, whom I saw with so much pleasure, were obliged in a short time, for family reasons, to leave Spielberg ; the children too no longer came upon the terrace. How much these losses afflicted me !

CHAPTER LXVII.

The inconvenience of the chains on my feet, by preventing me from sleeping, contributed to destroy my health. Schiller wished that I should protest against them, and declared that the physician ought to have them taken off.

For a little while I did not listen to him, then I yielded to his advice, and said to the physician, that, in order to enjoy again the benefit of sleep, I begged him to have me unchained, at least for a few days.

The physician replied, that my fever had not yet reached such a height as to put it in his power to gratify me ; and that it was necessary I should accustom myself to the fetters.

I was indignant at this answer, and vexed that I had made the useless request.

"See what I have gained by following your urgent advice," said I to Schiller.

I must have said these words uncivilly enough ; the rough, honest fellow was offended by them.

"It displeases you," he exclaimed, "to be exposed to a refusal, and it displeases me that you should be so haughty towards me."

Then he went on with a long sermon. "The proud make their greatness consist in not exposing themselves to refusals, in not accepting favors, and in being ashamed of a thousand trifles. *Alle Eseleyen!* It is all nonsense! vain pride! ignorance of true dignity! True dignity consists in great part in being ashamed only of bad actions."

This said, he went out, and made an infernal noise with his keys.

I was amazed! — "Yet this rough sincerity," said I, "pleases me. It flows from his heart, like his offers, his advice, and his compassion; and did he not preach the truth to me? To how many weaknesses do I not give the name of dignity, while they are nothing but pride!"

At the dinner hour Schiller left it to the convict Kunda to bring in the little iron pots and the water, while he remained at the door.

I called him.

"I have not time," he replied very drily.

I got down from my bed, went to him, and said, "If you wish my dinner to do me good, do not make that ugly face at me."

"And how would you have me look?" he asked, clearing up.

"Like a pleasant man, like a friend," I replied.

"Let us be merry, then!" he exclaimed. "And if, in order that your dinner may do you good, you would like too to see me dance, come, you shall have your wish."

And he began to kick about his slender shanks with so much good will, that I laughed heartily. I laughed, but my heart was touched.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

One evening Oroboni and I were at our windows, complaining to each other of being famished. We raised our voices somewhat, and the sentinels shouted. The superintendent, who by ill luck was passing that way, thought proper to have Schiller called, and harshly reprimanded him for not watching better to keep us silent.

Schiller came in great anger to complain of it to me, and desired me never again to speak from the window. He wished me to promise him that I would not.

"No," I replied, "I will not promise you."

"Oh! *der Teufel! der Teufel!*" he exclaimed, "can you say to me, 'I will not!' to me, who have received a cursed scolding on your account!"

"I am sorry, dear Schiller, for the reprimand you have received, I am truly sorry for it; but I will not promise what I feel I shall not perform."

"And why will you not perform it?"

"Because I cannot; because continual solitude is such a cruel torment to me, that I can never resist the necessity of uttering a few words, and of asking my neighbour to reply to me; and if he should be silent, I should speak to the bars of my window, to the hills that rise before me, to the birds as they fly."

"*Der Teufel!* and you will not promise me?"

"No, no, no!" I exclaimed.

He threw his noisy bunch of keys on the ground, and repeated, "*Der Teufel! der Teufel!*" then embracing me he burst out;

"Well! must I cease to be a man for those vile keys? You are a gentleman every way, and I am pleased that you will not promise what you cannot perform. I would do the same too."

I took up the keys, and gave them to him. "These keys," said I, "are not, after all, so very vile, since they cannot turn an honest corporal like you into a hard-hearted villain."

"If I thought they could do that," he replied, "I would carry them to my superiors and say, 'If you will give me no other bread, than that of a hangman, I will go a begging.'"

He drew his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes, then raising them, clasped his hands in the attitude of prayer. I clasped mine, and prayed like him in silence. He understood that I was praying for him, and I that he was praying for me.

As he went away, he said to me in an under-tone; "When you talk with Count Oroboni, speak as low as possible. This will be well on two accounts; you will save me the reprimands of the superintendent, and you will prevent any one from overhearing some remarks ... shall I say it? ... some remarks, which, if repeated, would only further irritate him who can punish."

I assured him, that not a word should ever come from our lips, which could give offence, if reported to any one whomsoever.

In fact we had no need of warnings to make us cautious. Two prisoners, who succeed in communicating with each other, can easily form a language for themselves, by which any thing may be said, without danger of its being understood by listeners.

CHAPTER LXIX.

One morning I was returning from walking; it was the 7th of August. The door of Oroboni's cell stood open; Schiller was within, and had not heard me coming. My guards were passing forward to close the door. I anticipated them, I sprang into the room, and was in the arms of Oroboni.

Schiller was confounded; he said, "*Der Teufel! der Teufel!*" and raised his finger to menace me. But his eyes filled with tears, and he exclaimed, sobbing, "O my God, have mercy on these poor young men, and on me, and on all the unhappy, Thou, who didst suffer so much upon earth!"

The guards shed tears also. The sentinel of the corridor, who ran to the spot, was equally moved. Oroboni said to me, "Silvio, Silvio, this is one of the most precious days of my life!" I know not what I said to him; I was beside myself with joy and tender emotion.

When Schiller conjured us to separate, and we were forced to obey him, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears, and said;

"Shall we never again see each other upon earth?"

I never did see him more! A few months after, his room was empty, and Oroboni lay in that cemetery, which was before my window!

From the time of this brief interview, it seemed as if we loved each other yet more affectionately, more strongly, than before; it seemed as if we were mutually more necessary to each other.

He was a fine-looking young man, of noble aspect, but pale, and in miserable health. His eyes only were full of life. My affection for him was increased by the pity, which his emaciation and paleness excited; and so was his for me. We both felt how probable it was that one would soon be the survivor of the other.

A few days after, he became ill. I could only grieve and pray for him. After an attack of fever, he regained a little strength, and was able to return to our friendly conversations. Oh how it consoled me to hear the sound of his voice again!

"Do not deceive yourself," said he to me, "it will be but for a short time. Have strength

to prepare yourself to lose me ; let your courage inspire courage in me."

At this time the walls of our cells were to be whitewashed, and meanwhile we were removed to the subterranean dungeons. Unfortunately, during this interval, we were not placed near each other. Schiller said, that Oroboni continued well ; but I doubted whether he was willing to tell me the truth, and feared that the health of my friend, already so feeble, would become worse in those subterranean vaults.

Would that at least I had had the good fortune to be near my dear Maroncelli ! I however heard his voice. We saluted each other by singing, in spite of the scolding of the guards.

At this time the principal physician of Brünn came to visit us, in consequence perhaps of the report, which the superintendent had sent to Vienna, of the extreme weakness to which such scarcity of food had reduced us all ; or because an epidemic scurvy prevailed in the prison.

Not knowing the cause of this visit, I imagined it was on account of Oroboni's increased

illness. The fear of losing him gave me indescribable uneasiness. A deep melancholy, and a strong desire to die, then seized upon me. The idea of suicide again presented itself to me. I struggled against it; but I was like a fainting traveller, who, whilst he says, "I must go on to the end," feels an almost overpowering necessity of throwing himself on the ground to rest.

I had been told, that not long since, in one of these dark cells, an old man, a Bohemian, had killed himself by dashing his head against the wall. I could not drive from my thoughts the temptation of following his example. I do not know whether my delirium might not have reached that point, if a discharge of blood from my lungs had not made me believe that my death was at hand. I thanked God for granting me death in this manner, and for saving me from an act of desperation, which my judgment condemned.

But instead of this, it was God's will that I should still live. This discharge of blood alleviated my sufferings. In the mean time I was brought back to the upper cells; and the greater light, and my being once more near Oroboni, again attached me to life.

CHAPTER LXX.

I COMMUNICATED to him the dreadful melancholy I had suffered while parted from him; and he told me that he too had been obliged to struggle against the thought of suicide.

"Let us take advantage," said he, "of the short time that has been granted us anew, to console each other by religion. Let us speak of God; let us excite each other to love him; let us remember, that He is justice, wisdom, goodness, beauty; that he is every thing excellent which has been the object of our love. I tell you truly that my death is not far distant. I shall be eternally grateful to you, if you will contribute to make me as religious in these my last days, as I ought to have been through life."

And our conversations now turned only on Christian philosophy, and the comparison of this with the wretchedness of the sensual philosophy. We both rejoiced in perceiving the conformity between Christianity and reason; we saw on comparing the different forms of

belief which have been founded on the Gospel, that the Catholic alone could abide the test of criticism, and that the Catholic doctrine consists of the purest precepts and the purest morality, not in wretched additions, the offspring of human ignorance.

"And if, by some chance but little to be hoped, we should return to society," said Oroboni, "shall we be so pusillanimous as not to confess the Gospel? Shall we remain firm, should any one conceive that imprisonment has weakened our minds, and that, in consequence of this weakness, we have become more established in our faith."

"My dear Oroboni," said I, "your question discloses to me your answer, and mine is the same. It is the greatest cowardice to be the slave of others' opinions, when one is persuaded that they are false. I do not believe that either you or I shall ever be guilty of it."

In these confidential communications I committed one fault. I had pledged myself to Julian, never, by revealing his real name, to inform any one of the connexion we had had with each other. I gave an account of it to Oroboni, saying to him, "If I were in the

world, such a communication should never pass my lips ; but here we are in a sepulchre, and even should you be liberated, I know that I may trust in you."

My high-minded friend was silent.

"Why do you not reply to me ?" said I.

At length he began seriously to blame me for having betrayed this secret. His reproof was just. No friendship, however intimate it may be, however strengthened by virtue, can authorize such a breach of faith.

But, the fault having been committed, Oroboni turned it to my advantage. He had known Julian, and was acquainted with many circumstances of his life which were honorable to him. He related them to me, and said, "That man has so often acted like a Christian, that it is scarcely possible he should carry his anti-religious phrensy to the tomb. Let us cherish the hope that he will not ! And do you, Silvio, take care heartily to forgive his bad temper, and to pray for him !"

His words were sacred to me.

CHAPTER LXXI.

The conversations of which I speak, with Oroboni, Schiller, and others, occupied altogether but a small part of the twenty-four hours of my long day; and circumstances were not unfrequently such, as to render any conversation with Oroboni impossible.

How did my time pass in such solitude?

The whole amount of my life during those days was as follows. I always rose at dawn, and standing on the head of my bed, grasping the bars of my window, I prayed. Oroboni was either already at his window, or soon came. We greeted each other, and silently continued our devotions. The wretchedness of our cells made the view without appear to us more beautiful. The sky, the country, the distant motion of the animals in the valley, the voices of the peasant girls, their laughter and their songs, exhilarated us, and made us feel more intimately the presence of Him, who is so munificent in his goodness, and of whom we so much stood in need.

Then came the morning visit of the guards. They gave a glance round the room, to see that every thing was right, and examined my chain, link by link, to assure themselves that it had not been broken by accident or design; or, rather, since it was impossible to break it, in order to conform to the prescribed rules of the prison. If it was one of the days on which the physician made his visits, Schiller asked if I wished to speak with him, and took note accordingly.

The tour of our cells being finished, Schiller returned, accompanied by Kunda, whose business it was to clean the rooms.

After a short interval, breakfast was brought us. This was a small pot half full of reddish broth, with three very thin slices of bread; I ate the bread, but did not drink the broth.

After this, I prepared to study. Maroncelli had brought many books from Italy, and our companions had each brought a number, some more, some less. Altogether, they formed a good little library. We hoped, besides, to be able to increase it from our own funds. No answer to our request to be allowed to read our own books, and to purchase others, had yet come from the Emperor; but, in the mean time,

the governor of Brünn allowed each of us *provisionally* to keep two books with him, and to change them whenever we pleased. Towards nine o'clock the superintendent came, and the physician, if requested, accompanied him.

I had then another interval for study till eleven o'clock, which was the hour for dinner.

Until sunset I had no more visits, and returned to study. Then Schiller and Kunda came to change the water, and, a short time afterward, the superintendent, with some guards, for the evening inspection of every part of my room and of my irons.

We walked for an hour in the course of the day, either before or after dinner, at the pleasure of the guards.

The abovementioned evening visit being over, Oroboni and I began to converse, and this was usually our longest conversation. Others took place irregularly in the morning, or just after dinner; but, for the most part, they were very brief.

Sometimes the sentinels were so compassionate that they would say to us, "A little lower, *Signori*, or we shall be punished."

At other times, they pretended not to notice

that we were talking ; then, seeing the sergeant appear, they begged us to be silent till he had gone, and, as soon as he went, they said, "*Signori patroni*, now you may go on, but as low as possible."

Occasionally, some of those soldiers made bold even to talk with us, to answer our questions, and give us some information about Italy.

To certain remarks we did not reply, except by begging them to be silent. It was natural that we should doubt, whether what they said were entirely the overflowing of simple hearts, or whether there were not some artifice in it for the purpose of discovering our thoughts. I am, however, much disposed to believe, that they spoke with sincerity.

CHAPTER LXXII.

One evening we had very kind sentinels, so that Oroboni and I gave ourselves no trouble to suppress our voices. Maroncelli, in his subterranean cell, having climbed up to the window, heard us, and distinguished my voice. He could not restrain himself; he saluted me by singing. He asked me how I was, and expressed to me, in the tenderest words, his regret at not having yet obtained permission that we should be together. This favor I too had requested; but neither the superintendent of Spielberg, nor the governor of Brünn, had the power of granting it. Our mutual desire had been signified to the Emperor; but no answer had yet come.

Besides the time that we saluted each other by singing in our subterranean dungeons, I had repeatedly, in my cell above, heard him singing, but without understanding the words, and only for a few moments, because he was not permitted to go on.

Now he raised his voice much higher; he was not immediately interrupted, and I understood the whole. There are no terms to express the emotion which I felt.

I replied to him, and we continued the dialogue about a quarter of an hour. At last the sentinels were changed upon the terrace, and the new comers were not so complaisant. We were disposed to resume our singing; but they uttered furious exclamations and curses, and we were obliged to attend to them.

I pictured to myself Maroncelli, lying for so long a time in that cell, far worse than mine; I imagined the sadness which must often oppress him, and the injury which his health must suffer from it, and I was overwhelmed with anguish.

At length I was able to weep; but tears were no relief to me. A severe headache, with violent fever, seized me. I could not support myself on my feet, but threw myself upon the straw bed. My agitation increased, producing pain in my breast, with dreadful spasms. I believed that I should die that night.

The following day the fever ceased, and I felt less pain in my breast; but it seemed to

me that my brain was on fire, and I could scarcely move my head without great suffering.

I told Oroboni of my situation. He, too, felt himself more ill than usual.

"Friend," said he, "the day is not distant when one of us two will no longer be able to come to the window. Whenever we salute each other, it may be for the last time. Let each, then, prepare himself, either to die, or to survive his friend."

His voice was tremulous; I could not reply to him; both were silent for an instant, and he then went on:

"How happy you are in understanding German! You can at least confess yourself. I have asked for a priest who understands Italian; they tell me there is none. But God sees my desire; and since I confessed at Venice, it really does not appear to me, that I have burdened my conscience with any new sin."

"I also confessed at Venice," said I, "but with my soul full of rancor; and I did worse than if I had refused the sacraments. But now, if I were allowed to see a priest, I assure you that I should confess from my heart, forgiving every one."

"Heaven bless you!" he exclaimed; "you give me great consolation. Let us do, let us both do, all in our power to be eternally united in happiness, as we have been in these days of misfortune."

The next day I expected him at the window, but he did not come. I learned from Schiller that he was seriously ill.

Eight or ten days afterward he was better, and came again to salute me. I was suffering, but able to support myself. Thus several months passed, during which each was alternately better and worse.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

I was able to keep up until the eleventh of January, 1823. The morning of that day I rose with a headache, not severe, but accompanied by a tendency to faintness. My legs trembled, and my breathing was laborious.

Oroboni, likewise, had been ill for two or three days, and had not risen from his bed.

Some soup was brought me ; I had scarcely tasted a spoonful, when I fell senseless. Some time after, the sentinel in the corridor looked accidentally through the opening in my door, and seeing me lying on the floor, with the iron pot overturned near me, thought I was dead, and called Schiller.

The superintendent came also ; the physician was immediately sent for, and I was put in bed. I was with difficulty recovered.

The physician said that I was in danger, and had my irons taken off. He ordered me some cordial, I know not what, but my stomach could retain nothing. The pain in my head increased terribly.

A report was immediately made to the governor, who sent a courier to Vienna, to know how I should be treated. The reply was, that I should not be put into the infirmary ; but that I should be attended in prison with the same care as if I were in the infirmary. The superintendent was, moreover, authorized to supply me with broth and soup from his own kitchen, while my illness continued severe.

This last provision was at first useless to me. I could take neither food nor drink. I grew worse for a whole week, and was delirious day and night.

Kral and Kubitzki were appointed to nurse me, and they both performed the office with kindness.

Whenever I recovered my senses a little, Kral would repeat to me,

"Have faith in God ; God only is good."

"Pray for me," said I to him ; "not that God may restore me to health, but that he may accept my misfortunes and my death, as an expiation for my sins."

He suggested to me to ask for the sacraments.

"If I have not asked for them," I replied, "attribute it to the weakness of my head; it would be a great comfort to me to receive them."

Kral related my words to the superintendent, and the chaplain of the prison was sent.

I confessed, partook of the communion, and received extreme unction. I was pleased with the priest. His name was Sturm. The reflections which he made upon the justice of God, upon the injustice of men, upon the duty of forgiveness, upon the vanity of the things of the world, were not mere commonplaces; they bore the impress of a high and cultivated mind, and of a warm feeling of true love to God and man.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

It seemed at first, as if the effort of attention, which I made to receive the sacraments, had exhausted the remains of life; but, on the contrary, it benefited me, by throwing me into a deep sleep which lasted for several hours.

I awoke somewhat relieved; and seeing Schiller and Kral near me, I took their hands and thanked them for their care of me.

Schiller said to me, "My eyes are used to seeing the sick; I would lay a wager that you will not die."

"Does not that seem to you a bad prognostic?" said I.

"No," he replied; "the miseries of life are great, it is true; but he who supports them with nobleness of soul and with humility, is always a gainer by living."

Then he added, "If you live, I hope that in a few days you will have a great consolation. Have you asked to see Signor Maroncelli?"

"I have asked it so many times in vain, that I no longer dare to hope for it."

"Hope, hope, Sir, and repeat the request."

I repeated it that very day. The superintendent, likewise, bade me hope; and added that it was very probable that Maroncelli might not only see me, but that he would be appointed to be my attendant while I was ill, and afterwards my constant companion.

As the health of all the prisoners of state was more or less injured, the governor had requested at Vienna, that we might all be put two and two together, in order to assist each other.

I had also asked the privilege of writing a last adieu to my family.

Toward the end of the second week, there was a crisis in my illness, and the danger was over.

I had begun to sit up, when, one morning, my door opened, and I saw the superintendent, Schiller, and the physician enter, full of animation. The first ran toward me and said, "We have permission to give you Maroncelli for your companion, and to allow you to write to your relations."

Joy deprived me of breath, and the poor superintendent, who from the impulse of a good heart had been deficient in prudence, thought I was dead.

When I recovered my senses, and recollected the news I had heard, I begged that so great a blessing might not be delayed. The physician consented, and Maroncelli was conducted to my arms.

Oh! what a moment was that! "Are you yet alive?" we both exclaimed. "Oh friend! Oh brother! what a happy day have we been permitted to see. God be blessed for it!"

But great as was our joy, it was mingled with much mutual commiseration. Maroncelli must have been less struck by my appearance than I was by his; for, though he found me in so wretched a state, he knew what a severe illness I had passed through. But I, though my thoughts had dwelt upon his afflictions, had not imagined him so changed from what he was before. He was scarcely to be recognised. That countenance, once so fine, so blooming, how was it wasted by suffering, by hunger, and by the noxious air of his dark dungeon!

study, and that of using our money to purchase books. Neither was ever granted.

The governor continued, meanwhile, to permit us to read our own books.

Through his kindness likewise, there was some change for the better in our food ; but, alas ! it was only for a short time. He had consented that we should be furnished from the kitchen of the superintendent, instead of that of the victualler of the prison. Some additional funds had been assigned by him for this use. The arrangement was not sanctioned ; but, while it lasted, I experienced some benefit from it. Maroncelli also regained a little strength. But for poor Oroboni it was too late.

He had received as a companion, first the advocate Solera, and then the priest Don Fortini.

After two of us had been put together in each cell, the prohibition to speak at the windows was renewed, with the threat, that whoever should infringe it, should be again placed in solitude. To tell the truth, we sometimes violated the prohibition to salute each other ; but we had no more long conversations.

The disposition of Maroncelli and my own

perfectly harmonized. The courage of one sustained the courage of the other. If either of us was seized by melancholy, or irritated by anger, at the hardships of our situation, the other cheered him by some joke, or by some well-adapted reasoning. Thus a sweet smile almost always tempered our sufferings.

As long as we had books, although we had read them so often that we knew them by heart, they were agreeable food for the mind, as they always gave occasion to new examinations, comparisons, judgments, corrections, &c. We read or meditated a great part of the day in silence, and conversed during dinner, while walking, and all the evening.

Maroncelli, in his subterranean cell, had composed many verses of great beauty. He recited them to me, and composed others. I also composed verses, and recited them to him, and our memory was thus in constant exercise. We acquired a wonderful capacity of forming in our minds long poetical compositions; correcting and re-correcting them continually, and bringing them to as great a degree of finish, as we should have been able to attain, had we committed them to writing.

Maroncelli thus composed by degrees, retaining them in his memory, several thousand lyric and epic verses. I composed the tragedy of *Leoniero da Dertona* and various other things.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Oroboni, after having suffered a great deal in the winter and spring, found himself much worse in the summer. He raised blood, and became dropsical.

I leave our affliction to be imagined, when he was dying so near us, without our being able to break down the cruel wall which prevented us from seeing him, and from performing for him the offices of friendship.

Schiller brought us news of him. The unhappy young man suffered extremely; but his fortitude never gave way. He had the spiritual aid of the chaplain, (who fortunately understood French.)

He died on his Saint's day, the 13th of June, 1823. Some hours before he expired, he spoke of his father, who was eighty years old; he was affected and wept. Then he recovered himself, and said, "But why do I weep for the most fortunate of those I love, since he is on the eve of joining me in eternal peace?"

His last words were, "I forgive from my heart all my enemies."

His eyes were closed by Don Fortini, his friend from infancy, a most religious and amiable man.

Poor Oroboni! what a chill ran through our veins, when we were told he was no more! We heard the voices and the steps of those who came to take away the corpse; and we saw from the window the cart in which it was carried to the cemetery! Two common convicts drew the cart; four guards followed it. We accompanied with our eyes the sad procession to the cemetery. It entered the enclosure. It stopped in a corner: there was the grave.

A few moments afterwards, the cart, the convicts, and the guards returned. Among them was Kubitzki. He said to me, (a refined thought, extraordinary in an uncultivated man,) "I have carefully marked the place of his burial, so that, if any relation or friend should ever obtain permission to take his bones, and carry them to his country, it may be known where they lie."

How many times Oroboni had said to me, as he looked at the cemetery from his window, "I must accustom myself to the idea of moul-

dering in that place; yet I confess it makes me shudder. It seems to me that I shall not rest so well in this country, as in our own dear peninsula."

Then he would smile, and exclaim, "How childish! When a dress is worn out, and must be discarded, of what consequence is it where it may be thrown?"

Another time he said; "I am constantly preparing for death; but I should resign myself to it more willingly on one condition; just to enter beneath my paternal roof, embrace the knees of my father, receive one blessing from him, and die!"

He sighed and added, "If this cup may not pass from me, O my God, may thy will be done!"

And the last morning of his life, he again said, as he kissed a crucifix which Kral held toward him;

"Thou who wert divine, yet hadst a horror of death, and saidst, *Si possibile est, transeat a me calix iste*,* forgive, if I say it also. But I also repeat thy other words, *Verumtamen non sicut ego volo, sed sicut tu!*" †

* If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.

† Nevertheless, not as I will; but as thou wilt.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

After Oroboni's death I was again taken ill. I believed that I should soon rejoin my departed friend; and this I desired. Only, could I have parted from Maroncelli without pain?

Many a time as he was seated on his straw bed, reading, or composing poetry, or, perhaps, like myself, pretending to be thus occupied, while he was meditating on our misfortunes, I have watched him with solicitude, and thought, "How much more sad will your life become when the stroke of death shall have fallen upon me, when you shall see me borne away from this room, and when, looking towards the cemetery, you will say, 'Silvio too is there!'" And I was moved with compassion at the thought of his surviving me, and prayed that another companion might be given him, capable of appreciating him as I did, or that the Lord would prolong my sufferings, and allow me the grateful office of tempering those of my unhappy friend by sharing them with him.

I will not note my alternations of disease and recovery. Maroncelli nursed me with all

a brother's tenderness. He perceived when it was not well for me to converse, and then he was silent; he perceived when his conversation would relieve me, and then he always found some subject suited to my state of mind, sometimes following the train of my thoughts, and sometimes seeking gradually to change it. One of nobler spirit than his, I have never known, and but few that equal him. A great love of justice, great tolerance, great faith in human virtue and in the aids of Providence, a most lively perception of the beautiful in all the arts, an imagination rich in poetry, all the most pleasing qualities of mind and heart, combined to render him dear to me.

I did not forget Oroboni, and every day I mourned his death; but my heart often took pleasure in the thought, that this dear friend, freed from all evil, and in the bosom of the Divinity, might number among his joys that of seeing me with another friend, no less affectionate than himself.

A voice from within seemed to assure me that Oroboni was no longer in a place of expiation; yet I continued to pray for him. Often I dreamt that I saw him; that he was praying

for me ; and I loved to persuade myself, that my dreams were not accidental, but were real manifestations of him, permitted by God for my consolation. It would seem ridiculous, were I to describe the vividness of those dreams, and the serenity of mind that followed them, continuing for whole days together.

But my affliction was gradually alleviated by religious feeling and by my friendship for Maroncelli. The only idea which alarmed me was the possibility that my unfortunate friend, whose health was ruined, though his danger seemed less imminent than my own, might precede me to the tomb. Whenever he was ill, I trembled ; when I saw that he was better, it was a day of joy to me.

This apprehension of losing him added strength to my affection, and the fear of losing me produced the same effect on him.

Ah, there is a charm even in these alternations of anxiety and hope for the last friend that remains to us ! Our lot was certainly one of the most miserable upon earth ; yet to esteem and love each other so entirely, formed amid all our sufferings a kind of happiness ; and we truly felt it.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

It was my wish that we should be allowed to have as our confessor the chaplain, with whom I was so much pleased at the time of my first illness, and that we should have liberty to see him now and then, even when we were not seriously ill. Instead of giving this charge to him, the governor appointed for us an Augustine monk, named Father Battista, the appointment being provisional till it should be confirmed, or another person nominated, at Vienna.

I feared we might lose by the exchange; but I was mistaken. Father Battista was an angel of charity; his manners were cultivated and even elegant; he reasoned profoundly on the duties of man.

We entreated him to visit us frequently. He came every month, and oftener if he was able. With the governor's permission he also brought us some books, and assured us, in the name of his abbot, that the whole library of the convent was at our service. This would

have been a great acquisition to us, had the permission continued. As it was, we availed ourselves of it for several months.

After confession, he would remain some time to converse with us ; and all his remarks gave evidence of an upright and noble mind, full of enthusiasm for the greatness and holiness of man. For about a year, we had the good fortune to enjoy the benefit of his intelligence and affection, and he never disappointed us. He never uttered a syllable, which could lead us to suspect him of forgetting the duties of his ministry, and having some political purpose. He invariably treated us with the utmost delicacy and consideration.

At first, to tell the truth, I distrusted him, and expected to find him employing the acuteness of his mind in unbecoming investigations. Such distrust is but too natural in a prisoner of state ; but how greatly is he relieved when this feeling passes away, when he discovers in the interpreter of God's will a single-hearted devotion to the cause of God and of mankind.

He had a peculiar and most efficacious manner of giving consolation. I accused myself, for example, of angry feelings on account of

the severity of our prison discipline. He moralized awhile on the virtue of suffering with a calm and forgiving spirit; and then proceeded to depict, in the liveliest manner, the miseries endured in situations different from mine. He had lived both in the city and in the country, had known the high and the low, had meditated on human injustice, and was well qualified to describe the feelings and habits of the various classes of society. He showed me everywhere the strong and the weak, the oppressors and the oppressed; and the necessity that everywhere exists of either hating our fellow men, or of loving them from a principle of generous indulgence and compassion. The cases that he brought forward to remind me of the universality of misfortune, and the good effects that may be derived from it, had nothing singular in them; on the contrary, they were very common; but he related them in words so just and powerful, as to make me deeply feel the inferences to be drawn from them.

Never did I hear those affectionate reproofs, and those noble counsels, without glowing with the love of virtue. I no longer hated any one;

I could have given my life for the least of my fellow creatures; I blessed God for having made me a man.

Ah! how unhappy is he who knows not the elevating influences of confession! how unhappy is he who thinks himself bound to regard it with scorn, that he may not appear one of the vulgar! Every one knows, that it is necessary to be good; but it is not therefore true, that it is useless to hear this said, or that our own reflections and appropriate reading are sufficient. No! the living voice has a power which reading and reflection have not. The mind is more strongly moved by it; the impressions we receive are more profound. In the words of the brother who speaks to us, there is a living energy and an appropriateness that we often vainly seek in books and in our own thoughts.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

In the beginning of the year 1824, the superintendent, who had his office at one end of our corridor, removed elsewhere, and the rooms of the office, with others adjoining, were turned into cells. Alas! we perceived that new prisoners of state were expected from Italy.

In fact, those who had been condemned under a third process soon arrived; all of them my friends and acquaintances! What was my sorrow when I learnt their names! Borsieri was one of my oldest friends. To Confalonieri I had not been so long attached, but still with all my heart. If I had been able, by submitting to the severest imprisonment, or by any supposable suffering, to have delivered them from punishment and set them free, God knows that I would have done it! I do not say merely, that I would have given my life for them: what is it to give one's life? to suffer is much more!

I might at this time have derived great benefit from the consolations of Father Battista; but he was no longer permitted to come.

New orders arrived for the maintenance of the severest discipline. The terrace which served us for a walk was first enclosed by a palisade, so that no one might any longer see us, even from a distance with a telescope; and thus we lost the beautiful prospect of the surrounding hills and the city beneath. But this was not enough. In going to the terrace, it was necessary, as I have said, to cross the court, and there many persons had an opportunity of observing us. That we might be hidden from all eyes, we were deprived of that walk, and another was assigned us; a very small one, contiguous to our corridor, and, like our rooms, looking towards the north.

I cannot express how much we were afflicted by this change of our walk. I have not mentioned all that was agreeable in the place just taken from us. The sight of the superintendent's children, their affectionate embraces on the spot where we had seen their poor mother during her last illness; a little talk with the smith, who had his quarters there; the cheerful songs of one of the corporals, accompanied by his guitar; and in the last place an innocent attachment, — not on my part, nor on the part

of my companion, but on that of a good, simple girl, the daughter of an Hungarian corporal, — a fruitseller. She was in love with Maroncelli.

Before he was placed with me they had formed something of a friendship, from seeing each other here almost every day. He was so upright, honorable, and simple in his intentions, that he was quite unconscious of having won the heart of the compassionate creature. I warned him of it. He was slow to believe me; yet, while doubting if I were in the right, he determined to treat her with more coldness. His greater reserve, instead of extinguishing her love, seemed to increase it.

As the window of her room was scarcely an arm's length above the level of the terrace, she used to spring to our side, under the pretence of spreading some linen in the sun, or of doing some other trifling thing, and there she would remain to look at us, and, if she could, engage us in conversation.

Our poor guards, always weary from having slept little or not at all during the night, willingly seized the opportunity of being in a corner, where they could sit on the grass and doze, without being seen by their superiors.

Maroncelli was then greatly embarrassed, so evident was the love of this unfortunate girl. My embarrassment was still greater. Although such scenes might have been matter of laughter, if we had felt but little respect for her, yet to us they were serious, and, I might say, touching. The unhappy Hungarian had one of those countenances, which clearly announce virtuous habits and the necessity of being esteemed. She was not handsome, but had such an expression of refinement, that the features of her countenance, though somewhat irregular, seemed to acquire beauty with every smile and every motion of the muscles.

If it were my intention to write of love, I should still have much to relate of that unfortunate and virtuous young woman, — now no more. But it is sufficient to have thus briefly mentioned one of the few incidents of our prison life.

CHAPTER LXXX.

The increased severity of our imprisonment rendered our life every day more monotonous. The whole of 1824, of 1825, of 1826, and of 1827; how did those years pass with us? We were deprived of that use of our books, which had been granted provisionally by the governor. The prison became like a tomb, except that the tranquillity of the tomb was not permitted us. Every month, but not on regular days, the director of the police, accompanied by a lieutenant and guards, came to make a thorough examination. They stripped us naked, examined all the seams of our garments, and ripped open and thrust their hands into our straw beds, to see if any paper or other article was concealed in them. Although nothing clandestine could ever be found upon us, yet there was something in these hostile and unexpected visits, repeated without end, that irritated and put me in a fever whenever they occurred.

Unhappy as the preceding years had seemed to me, yet I now thought of them with regret,

as a time of precious enjoyments. Where were the hours when I was engrossed by the study of the Bible, or of Homer? By reading Homer in the original, the little knowledge that I had of Greek was increased, and I was passionately fond of the language. How much I regretted that I could not continue the study of it! Dante, Petrarch, Shakspeare, Byron, Walter Scott, Schiller, Goethe, &c., how many friends were taken from me! Among them I remembered also some books of Christian wisdom, such as Bourdaloue, Pascal, *The Imitation of Jesus Christ*, *The Filotea*,* &c., books, which, if read with a narrow and illiberal spirit of criticism, exulting in every defect of taste that may be discovered, and in every thought which is not just, may be thrown aside and never resumed; but which, if read without prejudice, and without taking offence at their weak parts, discover a high philosophy, and afford strong nourishment for the heart and for the intellect.

Some such religious books were afterwards sent us as a gift from the Emperor, but with

* A work on the Love of God, by St. Francis de Sales.

the absolute exclusion of works of any other kind, suitable for literary studies.

This gift of devotional books was obtained for us in 1825, by a Dalmatian confessor, sent to us from Vienna, Father Stephen Paulowich, who two years afterwards was made bishop of Cattaro. To him we were likewise indebted for at last hearing mass, a privilege which had hitherto been denied us, on the ground that we could not be conducted to church and kept separate in pairs, as was directed.

As it was not possible that we should be thus separated in attending mass, we were divided into three companies, one in the organ gallery, another beneath the gallery, so as not to be seen, and the third in a small oratory, which looked into the church through a grate.

Maroncelli and I had then for companions six persons, who had been condemned by a sentence prior to our own ; but each couple was prohibited from speaking to the others. Two of these individuals had been my neighbours in the *Piombi* of Venice. We were conducted by guards to the place assigned for us, and, after mass, each pair was reconducted in the same manner to their cell. A capuchin

came to say mass. This good man always ended the service with an *Oremus*,* imploring our liberation from chains ; and his voice was moved. When he came from the altar, he cast a look of compassion on each of the three companies of prisoners, and mournfully inclined his head in prayer.

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* A prayer introduced with the word, *Oremus*, "Let us pray."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

In 1825, Schiller was considered as so much weakened by the infirmities of old age, that the custody of other convicts was given him, for whom it seemed so much vigilance was not required. How grieved we were to lose him, and how it grieved him to leave us!

Kral was his immediate successor, a man not inferior to him in kindness. But, in a short time, he too was otherwise employed, and a person was put in his place, who was not bad, but crabbed, and without any expression of feeling.

These changes afflicted me deeply. Schiller, Kral, and Kubitzki, particularly the first two, had taken care of us in our illnesses, as a father and a brother might have done. Incapable of failing in their duty, they knew how to perform it without hardness of heart. If there was a little harshness of manner, it was almost always involuntary, and the affection they manifested towards us was a full compensation for it. I was sometimes angry with them, — but how cordially they forgave me! how eagerly they

desired to persuade us, that they were not without affection for us, and how they rejoiced to perceive that we were persuaded of it, and that we considered them as worthy men !

After he was separated from us, Schiller was repeatedly attacked by illness, from which he recovered. We inquired for him with filial anxiety. When he was convalescent, he sometimes came to walk under our window. We saluted him by coughing, and he looked up with a melancholy smile, and said to the sentinel, so that we could hear him ; *Da sind meine Söhne !* (There are my sons !)

Poor old man ! what pain it gave me to see you slowly dragging along your feeble limbs, and to be unable to support you with my arm !

Sometimes he seated himself on the grass, and read. The books were the same which he had lent me. And that I might recognise them, he mentioned their titles to the sentinel, or repeated some passages from them. For the most part, they were tales from annuals, or other romances of little literary value, but moral.

After several attacks of apoplexy, he was carried to the military hospital. He was already

in a wretched state, and shortly afterwards died. He possessed a few hundred florins, the fruit of his long savings. These he had lent to some of his fellow-soldiers. When he found himself near his end, he called those friends to him and said; "I have no relations; let each of you keep what he has in his hands. I only ask you to pray for me."

One of these friends had a daughter, eighteen years old, who was the god-daughter of Schiller. A few hours before his death, the good old man sent for her. He could no longer speak distinctly; he took from his finger a silver ring, the last of his wealth, and put it on hers. Then he kissed her, and as he kissed her, he wept. The girl broke out into lamentations, and covered him with her tears. He wiped them away with his handkerchief, took her hands, and placed them on his eyes. Those eyes were closed for ever.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Human consolations were departing from us one after another; our troubles continually increased. I resigned myself to the will of God, but while I resigned myself, I mourned; and my soul, instead of becoming inured to suffering, seemed to feel it more and more sensibly.

One day, a sheet of the Augsburg gazette was clandestinely brought to me, in which a very strange statement was published concerning me, in connexion with an account of one of my sisters having taken the veil.

It said, "The Signora Maria Angiola Pellico, daughter, &c., on the day &c., took the veil in the Convent of La Visitazione, in Turin, &c. She is sister of the author of *Francesca da Rimini*, Silvio Pellico, recently liberated from the fortress of Spielberg, through the favor of His Majesty the Emperor; an act of clemency worthy of so magnanimous a sovereign, and which rejoices all Italy. Since," &c.

And here followed a panegyric upon me.

I could not imagine why this fable about the favor of His Majesty should have been invented. That it was the mere sport of a journalist did not seem likely. Was it then some artifice of German policy ? Who can tell ? But the name Maria Angiola was precisely that of my youngest sister. It must, without doubt, have been copied into other gazettes from the Turin gazette. Had then that excellent girl really become a nun ? "Ah," thought I, "she has perhaps chosen that state because she has lost her parents ! Poor girl ! she was not willing that I alone should suffer the misery of imprisonment ! she has determined to seclude herself likewise ! May the Lord grant her more patience and self-renunciation, than he has granted me ! How often in her cell will that angel think of me ! How often will she undergo severe penance to obtain from God some alleviation of the sorrows of her brother !"

These thoughts affected and distressed me. "My misfortunes may then have shortened the days of my father, or of my mother, or of both !" The more I thought of it, the more it appeared to me impossible that, without such a loss, my dear Marietta should have abandoned

her home. This idea oppressed me, as if it were a certainty, and I consequently sunk into the deepest sorrow.

Maroncelli was not less affected than myself. Some days after, he began to compose a poetical lament, on "The Sister of the Prisoner." He produced a beautiful little poem, breathing melancholy and sympathy. When it was finished, he recited it to me. Oh, how grateful was I to him for his kindness! Among so many millions of verses, of which, up to this time, nuns have been the subject, probably these were the first that were composed in a dungeon, for the brother of the nun, by his companion in chains. What an assemblage of pathetic and religious ideas.

Thus friendship softened my sorrows. But, from that time, not a day passed in which my thoughts did not long wander in a convent of virgins, dwelling upon one among those virgins with peculiar tenderness; and I earnestly prayed Heaven to give a charm to her solitude, and not to suffer her imagination to paint my prison in too horrible colors.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

From the fact that this gazette came to me clandestinely, the reader must not imagine that I succeeded in obtaining frequent intelligence from the world. No; all around me were kind, but they were restrained by strong fear. Nothing, however trifling, was done clandestinely, except when it was evident that there was really no hazard. And seldom, indeed, could this be the case in the midst of so many examinations, ordinary and extraordinary.

I was never able to obtain secret information of my dear friends at a distance, except the abovementioned notice relative to my sister.

My apprehension that my parents were no longer living was some time afterward rather increased than diminished by the manner in which the director of police announced to me that my family were well.

"His Majesty the Emperor commands me," said he, "to inform you that your relations at Turin are well."

I trembled with pleasure and surprise at this information, now given me for the first time, and asked for further particulars.

"I left," said I, "my parents, brothers, and sisters at Turin. Are they all living? Oh, if you have a letter from any of them, I entreat you to show it to me!"

"I can show you nothing. You must be satisfied with what I have told you. It is a proof of the Emperor's clemency, that he allows these consoling words to be spoken. It is a favor which has not before been granted to any one."

"I acknowledge it to be a proof of the Emperor's clemency; but you must feel that it is impossible for me to derive any consolation from words so vague. Which of my relations are well? Have I not lost any of them?"

"I regret, Sir, that I cannot tell you more than I have been directed to do."

And, saying this, he went away.

This information was certainly intended to afford me consolation. But I persuaded myself that the Emperor, though he had yielded to the urgency of some of my relations, and consented that this information should be given

me, had, at the same time, forbidden that any letter should be shown me, as I might learn from it who of my dear friends had been taken away.

A few months after, a similar announcement concerning my family was again made to me, but it was unaccompanied by any letter, or any further explanation.

It was perceived that this was not enough to satisfy me, that I was still more afflicted in consequence ; and nothing further was ever said to me of my family.

The idea that my parents were dead, that my brothers perhaps were dead also, and Giuseppina, my other dearly loved sister, and that perhaps Marietta, the sole survivor, might soon die under the anguish of solitude and the austerities of penance, detached me more and more from life.

Sometimes, when violently seized by new attacks of illness, resembling those I had previously suffered, such as dreadful colics, with the most painful symptoms, like those of the *cholera-morbus*, I hoped to die. Yes, the expression is correct, *I hoped.*

And yet, oh the contradictions of human nature! as I gave a glance at my languishing companion, my heart bled at the thought of leaving him alone, and I desired life anew!

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

THREE times, persons of high rank came from Vienna to visit our prison, in order to ascertain that there were no abuses of discipline. The first visit was by the Baron von Münch, who compassionated us for our want of light, and said that he would ask permission to prolong our day, by causing a lamp to be put up, outside of the small opening in our door, for some hours in the evening. His visit was in 1825. A year afterwards his charitable purpose was carried into effect. From that time, this sepulchral light enabled us to see the walls, and to avoid breaking our heads as we walked.

The second visit was by the Baron von Vogel. He found me in a wretched state of health, and hearing that, although the physician thought coffee would be beneficial to me, he had not ventured to order it, because it was a luxury, he spoke a word in my favor, and the coffee was given me.

The third visit was by some other nobleman of the Court, I know not whom, a man

between fifty and sixty, who manifested in his words and manners the most generous compassion. He could do nothing for us; but the expression of his kindness was a favor for which we were grateful.

Oh, how ardently does a prisoner desire to see beings of his own species! The Christian religion, so full of humanity, has not forgotten to enumerate, among the works of mercy, *the visiting of prisoners*. Our sufferings are lightened by the presence of those who compassionate our misfortunes, even when they give us no other relief.

Entire solitude may be useful for the amendment of some characters; but I believe that, in general, seclusion would be much more beneficial if not pushed to an extreme, but combined with some intercourse with society. At least, it is so with those constituted like me. Unless I see my fellow-creatures, I concentrate my love on too small a number, and dislike all others. If I can see, I will not say a great many, but a reasonable number, I feel a tender affection for the whole human race.

A thousand times I have found my heart so exclusively attached to a very few, and so full

of hatred towards the rest of men, that I have been shocked by it. Then I would go to the window, sighing to see some new face, and thought myself happy if the sentinel did not pass too near the wall; if he were at such a distance from it that I could see him; if he raised his head on hearing me cough; if his physiognomy were good. When I thought I could perceive in him any sentiments of compassion, I felt a pleasing emotion, as if that unknown soldier were an intimate friend. When he walked away, I waited for his return with eager solicitude; and if he looked at me as he came back, I rejoiced as for a great kindness. If he did not pass again, so that I could see him, I was mortified, like him who loves, and knows that his love is disregarded.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

In the adjoining cell, formerly occupied by Oroboni, were now confined Don Marco Fortini and Signor Antonio Villa. The latter, once as robust as Hercules, suffered much from hunger during the first year, and when more food was given him, he no longer had the power of digesting it. He languished for a long time, and when reduced almost to extremity, he obtained a more airy cell. The mephitic atmosphere of a narrow, tomb-like cell was without doubt very injurious to him, as it was to all the rest of us. But the remedy he had asked for was not sufficient. In that larger room he lingered for some months longer, and then, after repeatedly raising blood, he died.

He was attended by his fellow-prisoner, Don Fortini, and by the Abbé Paulowich, who came in haste from Vienna, when it was known that he was dying.

Although I was not connected with him so closely as I had been with Oroboni, yet his death greatly afflicted me. I knew he was

loved with the utmost tenderness by his parents and his wife. As for him, he was more to be envied than lamented ; but alas for those survivors !

He had likewise been my neighbour in the *Piombi*. Tremerello had brought me several of his poems, and had carried some of mine to him. In his there was occasionally an expression of deep sentiment.

After his death my feelings seemed to be more strongly excited for him, than during his life, upon hearing from the guards how miserably he had suffered. The unhappy man, though very religious, could not resign himself to death. He experienced the greatest degree of horror at that awful transition, though always blessing the Lord, and exclaiming with tears ; — " I know not how to bend my will to thine, yet I wish to do so ; work thou this miracle in me ! "

He had not Oroboni's courage ; but he imitated him in declaring his forgiveness of his enemies.

About the close of that year (it was 1826), we heard one evening an ill-suppressed sound of several persons moving about in the corridor.

Our ears had become very quick in distinguishing a thousand different kinds of noises. A door was opened; we knew it to be that of the advocate Solera. Another door was opened; it was Fortini's. Among several low voices we distinguished that of the director of police. — What can it be? An examination at so late an hour? And why?

In a short time, they came again into the corridor. We heard the beloved voice of Fortini; — "Oh, unlucky! excuse me, I have forgotten one volume of my breviary."

He ran quickly back to get the book, and then rejoined the company. The door of the staircase was opened; we heard their footsteps to the bottom; we were assured that those two happy men had received their pardon, and, though we were sorry not to follow them, we rejoiced in their liberation.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Might no inferences with regard to ourselves be drawn from the liberation of two of our companions? Why were they released, who had been sentenced like us, one to twenty years, the other to fifteen, while no favor was extended to us and to many others?

Were there stronger prejudices against those who were not liberated? Or was there a disposition to pardon all, but at short intervals, two at a time? perhaps every month? perhaps every two or three months?

We remained for some time in this uncertainty. But more than three months passed and no one else was set at liberty. Towards the close of 1827, we thought that December might be determined on as the annual period for pardons. But December passed and nothing happened.

We cherished these expectations till the summer of 1828, when the seven years and a half of punishment, equivalent according to the Emperor's word to fifteen years, would terminate,

if the period were to be calculated from the time of my arrest; though if the time of the trial were not to be included, (and this was the more probable supposition,) but the punishment to commence from the publication of the sentence, the seven years and a half would not be finished till 1829.

But all calculable periods passed, and no pardon came. In the mean time, even before Solera and Fortini were released, a tumor had appeared on the left knee of my poor friend Maroncelli. At first the pain was slight, and only obliged him to limp. Then he suffered from dragging his chain, and rarely went to walk. One morning in the autumn, he was disposed to go out with me to breathe a little fresh air; there was snow already, and in a fatal moment, when I was not supporting him, he stumbled and fell. The shock immediately caused the pain in his knee to become acute. We carried him to his bed, for he was no longer able to stand. When the physician saw him, it was at last decided that his irons should be taken off. The tumor grew worse from day to day, becoming very large, and more and more painful. Such were the sufferings of

the poor invalid, that he could have no rest, either in or out of his bed.

When it was necessary for him to change his place, to rise, or to lie down, I was obliged to take hold of the diseased limb with the greatest possible delicacy, and move it very slowly in the direction required. The slightest change of position would sometimes produce spasms, which lasted for a quarter of an hour.

Leeches, issues, caustics, fomentations of different kinds were all tried by the physician. They only increased his sufferings. After the application of caustics, suppuration took place. The whole tumor became one sore; but the swelling did not diminish, and the opening of the sore brought no relief from pain.

Maroncelli was a thousand times more unfortunate than myself; but yet how much I suffered with him! The duties of a nurse were a pleasure to me, since they were performed for so worthy a friend. But to behold him thus perishing under such acute and protracted torments, and to be unable to restore him to health; to foresee that his knee would never be healed; to perceive that he himself considered death more probable than recovery; all

this, while constantly admiring his fortitude and and serenity ; — oh ! it filled me with unspeakable anguish.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

In this deplorable condition he still composed verses, he sang, he conversed, he did every thing to beguile me as to his state, to conceal from me part of his sufferings. He could no longer digest, nor sleep; his flesh wasted away frightfully; he frequently fainted; yet sometimes the powers of life would rally for a short time, and he strove to encourage me.

What he suffered for nine long months is indescribable. At last permission was given for a consultation to be held. The chief physician came, he approved all that the other physician had done, and then, without pronouncing his opinion upon the disease, or upon what further means were to be used, went away.

A moment after, the sub-intendant came and said to Maroncelli; "The chief physician did not venture to explain himself in your presence; he feared you might not have strength enough to hear a hard necessity announced. I have assured him that you are not wanting in courage."

"I hope," said Maroncelli, "that I have given some proof of it, in enduring these torments without complaint. Would they propose . . . ?"

"Yes, amputation. But the chief physician, seeing you so reduced, hesitates to advise it. In so weak a state, do you feel able to endure amputation? Are you willing to expose yourself to the danger . . . ?"

"Of dying? And shall I not equally die in a short time, if an end is not put to this evil?"

"Then we will immediately send a statement of every thing to Vienna, and as soon as permission comes for the amputation . . ."

"What? is permission necessary?"

"Yes, Signore."

Eight days from that time, the expected permission arrived.

The sick man was carried into a larger room; he requested that I might follow him.

"I may expire under the operation," he said; "let me at least find myself in the arms of my friend."

My attendance was permitted.

The Abbé Wrba, our confessor (successor to Paulowich), came to administer the sacra-

ments to the unhappy sufferer. When this act of religion was accomplished, we waited for the surgeons, but they did not come. Maroncelli then began to sing some extemporary verses.

At last, the surgeons arrived: there were two. One was the ordinary surgeon of the house, that is to say, our barber, who, whenever an operation was to be performed, had the right of doing it with his own hands, and would not yield the honor to any one else. The other was a young surgeon, a pupil of the school of Vienna, already enjoying the reputation of great ability. He was sent by the Governor to assist at, and direct the operation, and was desirous of performing it himself; but he was obliged to be content with watching over its execution.

The sick man was seated upon the side of the bed with his legs down: I supported him in my arms. A ligature was bound round the limb, above the knee, where it was in a healthy state, to mark where the incision was to be made. The old surgeon cut all around, about half an inch deep, then he drew up the skin, and continued to cut the bared muscles. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, but they

were quickly tied with a silk thread. Lastly the bone was sawed.

Maroncelli did not utter a cry. When he saw them carrying away the amputated limb, he cast upon it one look of compassion ; then, turning to the operating surgeon, he said :

"You have freed me from an enemy, and I have no means of rewarding you."

In a glass upon the window, there was a rose.

"I beg you to bring me that rose," he said to me.

I brought it to him. He offered it to the old surgeon, saying ; "I have nothing else to present to you as a testimony of my gratitude."

He took the rose, and wept.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

The surgeons had supposed that the infirmary of Spielberg would supply all that was requisite, except the instruments which they brought with them. But after the operation they found that several necessary articles were wanting; cerecloth, ice, bandages, &c.

The poor mutilated patient was obliged to wait two hours, till all these things were brought from the city. At last, he was able to lie down on the bed; and ice was applied to the stump.

The next day they removed the clotted blood from the stump, washed it, drew the skin over it, and bound it up.

For several days nothing was given to the patient, but half a cup-full of broth, with the yolk of an egg beaten up. When the danger of fever was over, they began to strengthen him gradually with more nourishing food. The Emperor had ordered, that, till his health should be reëstablished, good food should be given him from the kitchen of the superintendent.

The limb was healed in forty days. We were then carried back to our cell, which had, however, been enlarged by making an opening in the wall, so as to unite our old den with that formerly occupied by Oroboni and afterwards by Villa.

I removed my bed to the spot where that of Oroboni had stood, and where he had died. This identity of place was dear to me; it seemed to bring me nearer to him. I frequently dreamt of him; and, in truth, his spirit seemed to visit me and cheer me with heavenly consolations.

The horrible sight of Maroncelli's sufferings before his leg was cut off, during the operation, and afterwards, strengthened my mind. God had given me sufficient health at the time of his illness, because my care was necessary to him; but He took it from me when Maroncelli was able to support himself on crutches.

I had several very painful glandular swellings. I recovered from them, and they were followed by pains in the breast, such as I had had before, but more suffocating than ever, vertigo, and attacks of spasmodic dysentery.

"My turn has come," I said to myself. "Shall I be less patient than my companion?"

I then endeavoured to imitate his virtue, as far as I could.

There is no doubt that every situation, in which man may be placed, has its peculiar duties. Those of the sick man are patience, fortitude, and constant exertion not to appear unamiable to those around him.

Poor Maroncelli, on his crutches, had not the activity of other days; and he regretted it, fearing that he might not attend upon me so well. He also feared, that, in order to spare him motion and fatigue, I might not avail myself of his services as much as I needed them.

And so it sometimes happened, but I tried to prevent his perceiving it.

Although he had recovered strength, he was not free from suffering. He felt, as all do, who have undergone a similar operation, painful sensations in the nerves, as if the amputated limb were yet living. The foot, the leg, and the knee, which he no longer had, still pained him. Beside this, the bone, having been badly sawed, pushed into the new flesh, and caused frequent sores. It was not till about a year after, that the stump became thoroughly sound and opened no more.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

But new maladies attacked my unfortunate friend, and almost without intermission. At first, he suffered from pains in the joints, which began in those of his hands, and then extended through all his limbs. These continued for many months, and were followed by the scurvy. In a short time his body was covered with livid spots, presenting a frightful appearance.

I sought to console myself by the reflection ; — "Since we are to die here, it is best that one of us should be attacked by the scurvy ; it is a contagious disease, and will carry us to the tomb, if not together, at least within a short time of each other."

We both prepared ourselves for death, and were tranquil. Nine years of imprisonment and of severe suffering had at last reconciled us to the idea of the dissolution of our bodies, so worn out as they were, and in need of rest. And our souls trusted in the goodness of God, and looked forward to a reunion, where the wrath of man would cease, and where we pray-

ed that we might hereafter meet in peace even with those who had not loved us.

In former years, the scurvy had made great havoc in this prison. The Governor, when he knew that Maroncelli was affected by that terrible disease, feared it might again become epidemic, and complied with the direction of the physician, who, upon the ground that there was no effectual remedy for Maroncelli but the open air, advised that he should be kept in his room as little as possible.

I, being his room-mate, and likewise suffering from a diseased state of the humors, enjoyed the same advantage.

We were out during all those hours, when the walk was not occupied by others; that is to say, from half an hour before dawn, for two hours; then during dinner time if we pleased, and afterward for three hours before sunset. This was on ordinary days. On holidays, the walk not being frequented by others, we were out from morning till night, except at the dinner hour.

Another sufferer, about seventy years old, whose health was much impaired, was associated with us, it being thought that the open air

might be beneficial to him likewise. It was Signor Costantino Munari, an amiable old man, a lover of literary and philosophical studies, whose society was very agreeable to us.

Computing my punishment, not from the period of my arrest, but from that of my condemnation, the seven years and a half ended on the 1st of July, 1829, reckoning from the date of the imperial signature of my sentence, or on the 22d of August, reckoning from the date of its publication. But these periods also passed, and every hope died away.

Until now Maroncelli, Munari, and I sometimes indulged the thought that we might again behold the world, our country, and our families; and this gave rise to conversations, full of longing, of piety, and of love.

August having passed, then September, and then the whole of that year, we accustomed ourselves to hope for nothing more upon earth, except the unalterable continuance of our mutual friendship, and the assistance of God to accomplish worthily the remainder of our long sacrifice.

How inestimable are the blessings of friendship and religion! They shed a charm over

the hours of the prisoner, on whom the hope of pardon no longer beams! Truly, God is with the unhappy; — with the unhappy who love!

CHAPTER XC.

After the death of Villa, the Abbé Paulowich was made a bishop. The Abbé Wrba, a Moravian, professor of the New Testament at Brünn, a distinguished scholar of the *High Institute* at Vienna, succeeded him as our confessor.

This Institute is a society founded by the celebrated Frint, while chaplain of the Court. The members are all priests, who having already taken their degrees in theology, prosecute their studies here under severe discipline, in order to acquire the greatest amount of attainable knowledge. The design of the founder was excellent: it was to provide for the constant dissemination of true and solid science among the Catholic clergy of Germany. And this object is in general accomplished.

As Wrba resided at Brünn, he was able to give us a much greater portion of his time than Paulowich. He became to us what Father Battista had been, except that he was not allowed to lend us books. We often had long

conferences together, which were of great service to my religious character; or, if this is saying too much, they at least appeared so to me, and great was the comfort I derived from them.

In the year 1829, he fell sick; and being afterwards summoned to other duties, he could no longer visit us. This caused us much regret, but, happily for us, he was succeeded by another learned and excellent man, the Abbé Ziak, a vice-curate.

Of all the *German* priests, who were appointed to visit us, not one proved to be bad. We did not discover one who was disposed to make himself a political agent (a fact easily ascertained), not one who did not possess the combined excellences of much learning, a decided Catholic faith, and profound philosophy. How truly respectable are such ministers of the Church!

The few with whom I was acquainted, made me conceive a high opinion of the German Catholic clergy.

The Abbé Ziak likewise held long conferences with us. He also gave me an example

of suffering pain with serenity. He was tormented continually by colds affecting his teeth, throat, and ears, and yet he was always cheerful.

Meanwhile the open air gradually caused Maroncelli's scorbutic spots to disappear, and Munari and myself were better.

CHAPTER XCI.

The 1st of August, 1830, arrived. The tenth year was passing away since I had lost my liberty; I had been suffering severe imprisonment for nearly eight years and a half.

It was Sunday. We went, as on other holidays, to the usual enclosure. We again beheld, from the projection along the lower part of the prison wall, the valley beneath, and the cemetery where lay Oroboni and Villa; we again spoke of the rest that our bones might one day find there. We again seated ourselves on the accustomed bench, to wait till the poor female convicts should come to their mass, which was said before ours. They were taken to the same oratory into which we were to go for the following mass. It was adjoining the walk.

It is customary in Germany for the people to sing hymns in their own language during mass. As the Austrian empire is a country in which Germans and Sclavonians are mingled, and as at Spielberg the greater number of the common convicts belongs to one or the other of

those nations, the hymns are sung on one holiday in German, and on another in Sclavonic. So, on every holiday, two sermons are preached, alternately in the two languages. It was a great pleasure to us to hear those hymns, and the organ that accompanied them.

There were some of the women whose voices went to the heart. Unhappy creatures! Some of them were very young. Love, jealousy, or bad example had drawn them into crime. — Their devotional hymn of the *Sanctus* I seem yet to hear: — *Heilig! heilig! heilig!* (Holy! holy! holy!) It affected me even to tears.

At ten o'clock the women withdrew, and we went to mass. I again saw those of my companions in misfortune, who heard mass in the organ gallery, separated from us only by a grate, all pale and emaciated, dragging their chains with difficulty.

After mass we returned to our cells. In a quarter of an hour dinner was brought us. We had prepared our table, which consisted of a board laid on one of our beds, and had taken up our wooden spoons, when the subintendent, Wegrath, entered the cell.

"I am sorry to disturb your dinner," said he, "but be pleased to follow me; the director of police is here."

As he commonly came on unpleasant business, to examine or search, we followed the good sub-intendent in ill-humor into the hall of audience.

There we found the director of police and the superintendent; the former bowed to us with more than usual civility. He took a paper in his hand, and as he spoke, paused between his words, through fear perhaps of causing us too great a surprise, if he expressed himself more directly.

"Gentlemen, ... I have the pleasure ... I have the honor ... of informing you ... that His Majesty the Emperor has again granted ... a favor ..."

He hesitated to tell us what the favor was. We thought it might be some mitigation of punishment; such as being exempted from the vexation of labor, or having more books, or less disgusting food.

"But do you not understand?" said he.

"We do not. Have the goodness to explain to us what the favor may be."

"It is liberty for both of you, and for a third, whom you will shortly embrace."

It may seem as if this intelligence ought to have made us break forth into joy. But our thoughts instantly turned to our relatives, of whom, for so long a time, we had received no information; and the fear that we might never see them again on earth distressed us so much, that it destroyed the pleasure excited by the announcement of our liberty.

"Are you struck dumb?" said the director of police. "I expected to see you transported with joy."

"I beg you," replied I, "to inform the Emperor of our gratitude; but, until we shall have news from our families, it is impossible for us not to fear that we may have been deprived of some of those whom we most tenderly love. This uncertainty oppresses us, even at a moment which should be one of the greatest joy."

He then gave to Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which alleviated his anxiety. To me he said, that there was nothing from my family; and this made me fear still more that some misfortune had happened in it.

"Return to your room," he added, "and I will shortly send to you the third person, who has also been pardoned."

We went, and expected our companion with anxiety. We could have wished that all should join us, yet there could be but one. — Would it were poor old Munari! would it were this one! would it were that! There was not one for whom we did not make this wish.

At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was to be Signor Andrea Tonelli of Brescia.

We embraced each other. We could eat no dinner.

We talked till evening, compassionating the friends who were to be left behind.

At sunset the director of police returned to take us from that wretched abode. Our hearts were pained as we passed by the cells of beloved friends, whom we were unable to take with us. Who could tell how much longer they would still languish there? Who could tell how many of them would there be the prey of a lingering death?

A soldier's cloak and cap were put on each of us, and thus, in our dress of galley-slaves,

but unchained, we descended the ill-fated mount, and were carried into the city to the prison of the police.

It was a most beautiful moonlight evening. How pleasing and how strange did the streets, the houses, the people whom we met, every thing we beheld, appear to me after the many years in which I had seen no such spectacle!

CHAPTER XCII.

We waited in the prison of the police for an imperial commissary, who was to come from Vienna to accompany us to the frontier. In the mean time, as our trunks had been sold, we provided ourselves with linen and other clothes, and put off the livery of the prison.

At the end of five days the commissary arrived ; and the director of police consigned us to him, putting into his hands at the same time the money which we had brought to Spielberg, and that which was received from the sale of our trunks and books ; which money was afterwards returned to us when we reached the frontier.

The expense of our journey was liberally defrayed by the Emperor.

The commissary was named Von Noe, a gentleman employed in the office of the minister of police. We could not have been committed to the charge of a man more thoroughly well-bred. He always treated us with the greatest consideration.

But I left Brünn with a very painful difficulty of breathing, and the motion of the carriage increased this so much, that in the evening it became alarming, and it was feared every moment that I should be suffocated. Beside this, I was all night in a burning fever, and in the morning the commissary was uncertain if I were able to continue the journey as far as Vienna. I said, "Yes," and we set out; but my suffering was extreme; I could neither eat, drink, nor speak.

I arrived at Vienna half dead. A comfortable lodging was provided for us at the general directory of police. I was put to bed, and a physician was called, who ordered me to be bled. This afforded me relief; and, by means of careful dieting and a great deal of digitalis for eight days, I recovered. Dr. Singer was my physician; and his attentions to me were very friendly.

I had the greatest anxiety to continue our journey, particularly because the news of the *three days* at Paris had reached us.

On the very day when that revolution broke out, the Emperor had signed the decree for our liberation. Certainly, he would not now revoke

it. But yet it was not improbable, that, in such a critical state of things throughout Europe, popular movements might be apprehended even in Italy; and that Austria might not choose, at that moment, to allow us to return to our country. We were well persuaded that we should not be carried back to Spielberg; but we feared that some one might suggest to the Emperor to send us to some city of the empire at a distance from the Peninsula.

I therefore tried to appear better than I really was, and begged that our departure might be hastened. Meanwhile it was my ardent desire to present myself to His Excellency the Count of Pralormo, envoy from the court of Turin to the court of Austria, to whose goodness I knew how much I was indebted. He had labored with the most generous and constant earnestness to obtain my liberation. But I was prohibited from seeing any one, and the order admitted of no exception.

I was scarcely convalescent, when a carriage was graciously sent us for several days, that we might drive a little about Vienna. The commissary was required to accompany us, and not to allow us to speak with any one. We

saw the beautiful church of St. Stephen, the delightful walks of the city, the neighbouring villa of Lichtenstein, and, lastly, the imperial villa of Schönbrunn.

While we were in the magnificent avenues of Schönbrunn, the Emperor passed, and the commissary made us retire, that the sight of our emaciated figures might not sadden him.

CHAPTER XCIII.

At last we left Vienna, and I was able to hold out as far as Bruck. Here the asthma returned with violence. We summoned a physician, a certain Dr. Judmann, a very respectable man. He ordered me to be bled, to remain in bed, and to continue the digitalis. After two days, I entreated that we might pursue our journey.

We traversed Austria and Styria, and entered Carinthia without any particular occurrence; but when we arrived at a village called Feldkirchen, a short distance from Klagenfurt, a counter order arrived. We were to remain there till new directions were sent.

I leave it to be imagined how unpleasant this circumstance was to us. I had the additional grief of reflecting, that, should my companions not return to their country, my unfortunate illness would be the cause of their suffering such a privation.

We remained five days at Feldkirchen, where the commissary did all in his power to amuse

us. There was a small theatre in the place, to which he took us. One day he entertained us with a hunt. Our host, and several young men of the country, with the proprietor of a fine forest, were the hunters, and we enjoyed the spectacle from a convenient situation.

At last a courier came from Vienna with orders to the commissary to proceed with us to our place of destination. I rejoiced with my companions at this happy news; but at the same time I trembled, lest the day of a sad discovery might be drawing near; the discovery, that my father, my mother, or others of my dear family were no more.

And my melancholy increased as we approached Italy.

The entrance into Italy on that side is not pleasing to the eye. You descend to its plains from the beautiful mountains of Germany, through a long tract of sterile and uninteresting country; so that when travellers, unacquainted with our Peninsula, take this road, they smile at the magnificent ideas they had formed, and suspect that they have been deceived by those, from whom they have heard its praises.

The absence of beauty in the scenery contributed to render me more sad. To see the sky of Italy once more, to meet human faces without the northern contour, to hear from every mouth the sounds of my native tongue, affected me; but it was an emotion more allied to tears than joy. How many times, in the carriage, did I cover my face with my hands, pretending to sleep, and wept! How many feverish nights did I pass without closing my eyes; now, bestowing with my whole soul the warmest benedictions on my beloved country, and thanking Heaven for having restored me to it; now, tormenting myself, because I had no news from my family, and imagining various disasters; now, thinking that in a little while I should be forced to part, perhaps for ever, from a friend who had suffered so much with me, and had given me so many proofs of fraternal love!

Ah! long years of burial had not exhausted the strength of my feelings! but how much more susceptible were they of sorrow than of joy!

How I could have wished to see Udine once more, and the inn where those two generous

friends had pretended to be servants, and by stealth had pressed our hands!

We passed that city on our left, and went on.

CHAPTER XCIV.

Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, — how much did they recall to my mind! Pordenone was the native city of an excellent young man, who had been my friend, and who perished in the campaign in Russia; Conegliano was the place, to which the *secondini* of the *Piombi* told me that Zanze had been taken; in Ospedaletto had been married, but was now no more, an angelic and unhappy being, whom in times past I had venerated, and whom I venerated still. In all those places remembrances more or less dear to me rose to my mind; and above all in Mantua. It appeared to me but yesterday, that I was there with Lodovico di Breme in 1815! it appeared but yesterday, that I was there with Porro in 1820! — There were the same streets, the same squares, the same palaces, but what changes in society! How many of my acquaintance had been taken away by death! how many were in exile! a generation had sprung up of young people whom I had seen in infancy! And I

might not visit a single house; I might not inquire of any one respecting those I had known!

To complete my affliction, Mantua was the place where Maroncelli and I were to part. We both passed a very sad night. I was agitated like a man on the eve of hearing his condemnation.

In the morning I washed my face, and looked in the glass, to see if any traces of tears remained. I assumed, as well as I could, an air of tranquillity and cheerfulness; I addressed a short prayer to Heaven, but in truth with wandering thoughts; and hearing Maroncelli now moving on his crutches, and speaking to the servants, I went to embrace him. We both seemed to have collected all our fortitude for this separation; we spoke to each other, not without emotion, but with unfaltering voices. The officer of *gendarmerie*, who was to conduct him to the borders of Romagna, arrived; we were obliged to part; we scarcely knew what to say to each other; an embrace, a kiss, yet one more embrace. — He entered the carriage, he disappeared; and I remained as if annihilated.

I returned to my room. I threw myself on my knees, and prayed for that poor mutilated man, separated from his friend. I burst into tears and sobs.

I have known many excellent men, but none more affectionately social than Maroncelli ; none more thoroughly versed in all the ways of kindness, more exempt from all inequalities of temper, or more continually mindful, that virtue consists in the habitual practice of forbearance, generosity, and good sense. May Heaven bless thee, companion of so many years of sorrow, wherever thou art, and give thee friends, who will equal me in love, and excel me in goodness !

CHAPTER XCV.

We left Mantua the same morning for Brescia. My other fellow-captive, Andrea Tonelli, was here left at liberty. The unhappy man learnt that he had lost his mother, and his tears of anguish wrung my heart.

But, amid all my suffering from so many causes, I was somewhat amused by the following incident.

On a table in the inn there was a play-bill. I took it up and read: — *Francesca da Rimini, an opera, &c.*

"Whose opera is this?" said I to the servant.

"I cannot tell," he replied, "who has put it into rhyme, or who has set it to music; but it is neither more nor less than that *Francesca da Rimini*, which everybody knows."

"Everybody? You are mistaken. I who have just come from Germany, what should I know about your Francescas!"

The servant (he was a young man with

a rather scornful countenance, truly Brescian,) looked at me with contemptuous pity.

"What should you know? Signore, we do not talk about Francescas. There is only one *Francesca da Rimini*, that is spoken of. I mean the tragedy of Signor Silvio Pellico. Here they have made an opera of it, spoiling it a little, but still it is the same thing after all."

"Ah! Silvio Pellico? I think I have heard of him. Is he not that good-for-nothing fellow who was condemned to death, and then to severe imprisonment, eight or nine years ago?"

Would I had not uttered that joke! He looked round, then looked at me, then, with an angry grin, showed thirty-two fine teeth, and if he had not heard a noise, I believe he would have knocked me down.

He went out muttering, "Good-for-nothing fellow!"—But before I went away, he discovered who I was. From that time he could neither ask questions, nor answer them, nor attend to his business. He could do nothing but fix his eyes on me, rub his hands, and say to every body, without any meaning; *Sior sì, Sior sì!* (Yes, Sir; yes, Sir,) which sounded as if he were sneezing.

Two days after, on the ninth of September, I arrived with the commissary at Milan. On approaching this city, on seeing once more the cupola of the Cathedral, on passing through the avenue of Loreto, once my accustomed and favorite walk, on reëntering the Eastern Gate, and finding myself again in the Corso; on again seeing those houses, those temples, those streets, I experienced the most agreeable and the most painful emotions; a passionate desire to remain some time in Milan, and again to embrace the friends whom I might still have found there; the deepest sorrow at the thought of those whom I had left at Spielberg, of those who were wandering in foreign lands, of those who were dead; lively gratitude, as I remembered the attachment which the Milanese had in general shown to me; and some feelings of anger towards individuals who had calumniated me, though they had always been the objects of my good-will and esteem.

We went to lodge at the *Bella Venezia*.

Here I had often been present at cheerful, friendly entertainments; here I had visited many distinguished foreigners; here a respectable old lady urged me, but in vain, to follow

her into Tuscany, foreseeing that if I remained in Milan, misfortunes would befall me. What affecting recollections! Oh departed days, so chequered with pleasures and pains, and so rapid in your flight!

The servants of the inn soon discovered who I was. The report spread, and towards evening I saw many persons stop in the square, and gaze at the windows. One, I know not who he was, appeared to recognise me, and saluted me by raising both his arms.

Ah! where were the sons of Porro, my sons? Why did I not see them?

CHAPTER XCVI.

The commissary took me to the police, to present me to the director. What were my sensations on again seeing that building, my first prison! How many sorrows it brought back to my recollection! With what emotion did I think of you, Melchiorre Gioja; of the hurried steps with which I saw you traverse your narrow cell, and of the hours when you remained immovable at your table, writing your noble thoughts; of the signs you made me with your handkerchief, and of the sadness with which you looked at me, when you were forbidden to make them! And I thought of your grave, unknown perhaps to the greater part of those who love you, as it was to me!—and I implored peace for your spirit.

I recollected, too, the dumb boy, the pathetic voice of Maddalena, my throbbings of compassion for her, my neighbours the thieves, the pretended Louis the Seventeenth, and the poor convict on whom my note was found, and

whom I had thought I heard cry out as he was beaten.

Those and other recollections oppressed me like a distressing dream ; but, most of all, the remembrance of the two visits made me here by my poor father, ten years before. How the good old man deceived himself with the hope that I should soon rejoin him at Turin ! Could he have supported the idea of a ten years' imprisonment of his son, and such an imprisonment ? But when these illusions vanished, had he, had my mother, been able to bear up under such heart-rending grief ? Would it be granted me to see them both again ? or, perhaps, only one of them ? and which ?

O tormenting and ever-recurring doubts ! I was, as I may say, at the door of my father's house, and yet knew not if my parents were living ; if even one of my family were living.

The director of police received me politely, and allowed me to remain at the *Bella Venezia* with the imperial commissary, instead of putting me in custody elsewhere. I was prohibited, however, from showing myself to any one, and I therefore determined to proceed on the following morning. I only obtained leave to see the

Piedmontese consul, that I might inquire of him concerning my relatives. I should have called on him, but being attacked by fever and obliged to go to bed, I begged him to come to me.

He had the kindness not to make me wait, and oh how grateful I was to him!

He gave me good news of my father, and of my eldest brother. With regard to my mother, my other brother, and my two sisters, I remained in cruel uncertainty.

In part, but in part only, delivered from anxiety, I could have wished, in order to relieve my mind, to prolong the conversation with the consul. He was not sparing of his kindness, but was obliged to leave me.

When left alone I had need of tears, but they flowed not. Why is it that grief sometimes makes me burst into tears, but more commonly, when it seems to me as if to weep would be a great relief, I wish for tears in vain? This inability of giving vent to my feelings increased my fever; my head ached violently.

I asked Stundberger to bring me some water. This good man was a sergeant of police at

Vienna, acting as valet to the commissary. He was not old, but it happened that he gave me the water with a trembling hand. This trembling reminded me of Schiller, my dear Schiller, when, on the first day of my arrival at Spielberg, I asked him haughtily for the pitcher of water, and he gave it to me.

How strange! This recollection, added to all the rest, pierced the rock of my heart, and my tears flowed.

CHAPTER XCVII.

On the morning of the 10th of September, I embraced the excellent commissary, and departed. We had known each other but a month, and yet it seemed as if he had been my friend for years. His soul, full of feeling for the beautiful and the honorable, was devoid of subtlety or artifice, not from want of talents, but from that love of noble simplicity which belongs to upright men.

During the journey, some one said to me privately, at a place where we stopped; "Beware of that *guardian angel*; if he were not one of the wicked, he would not have been given to you."

"You are deceived," said I; "I am thoroughly persuaded that you are deceived."

"The most crafty," he replied, "are those who appear the most simple."

"If it were so, we could never believe in the virtue of any one."

"There are certain situations in society, where the manners may be highly cultivated,

but where there is no virtue, no virtue, no virtue ! "

I could only reply ; " Exaggeration, my friend, exaggeration ! "

" I only draw necessary inferences," he persisted.

But we were interrupted. And I called to mind the *Cave a consequentiariis* * of Leibnitz.

Far too large a portion of mankind reason according to this false and terrible logic ; " I follow the standard A, which I am certain is that of justice ; he follows the standard B, which I am certain is that of injustice : therefore he is a villain."

Ah no, mad logicians ! to whatever standard you belong, do not reason thus inhumanly ! Consider, that by setting out from some unfavorable point of character, (and where is the society, or the individual, in which such may not be found ?) and proceeding with fierce rigor from inference to inference, it is easy for any one to arrive at this conclusion ; " Every mortal, except us four, deserves to be burned alive." And if a more critical scrutiny be

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* Beware of inferences.

made, each of the four will say; "Every mortal deserves to be burned alive except myself."

This vulgar severity is highly unphilosophical. Moderate distrust may be wise; excessive distrust, never.

After receiving this hint about my *guardian angel*, I set myself to study him more carefully than before, and every day strengthened my conviction of his undesigning and generous nature.

When society has assumed a settled form, whether it be good or bad, any public office, that is not universally felt to be infamous, any one, the ostensible purpose of which is to promote the public welfare by honorable means, and which is believed by many to accomplish this purpose, any one, in which it were absurd to deny that honest men have sometimes been employed, may be filled by an honest man.

I have read of a Quaker who had a horror of soldiers; but, seeing one throw himself into the Thames to save the life of a drowning man, he said: "I shall always be a Quaker, but still soldiers have some good in them."

CHAPTER XCVIII.

Stundberger attended me to the carriage, which I entered with a brigadier of *gendarmerie*, to whom I had been intrusted. It rained, and the wind blew cold.

"Wrap yourself up well in your cloak," said Stundberger, "cover your head better, take care not to arrive at home sick; a little thing will give you a cold. How sorry I am I cannot attend on you as far as Turin!"

And all this he said cordially, and with a tone of true feeling!

"From this time forward," he added, "perhaps you may never have a German near you; perhaps you may never again hear that language which Italians think so harsh; and, probably, you will care very little for it. You have suffered so much among the Germans, that you will not be very desirous of remembering us. Nevertheless I, whose name you will soon forget, I, Signore, shall always pray for you."

"And I for you," I replied, taking his hand for the last time.

The poor man called out again : *Guten Morgen ! gute Reise ! leben Sie wohl !* (Good morning, a pleasant journey, farewell !) They were the last German words I heard, and their sounds were as pleasant to me, as those of my own language.

I passionately love my own country, but I have no hatred toward any other. There is a diversity among nations as regards civilization, riches, power, and glory ; but in all there are souls obedient to the great vocation of man, to love, to pity, and to do good.

The brigadier who accompanied me, told me that he was one of those who arrested my most unhappy friend, Confalonieri. He told me how he had attempted to escape, how he had failed, how he was torn from the arms of his wife, and how both Confalonieri and she were agitated, although they sustained this misfortune with dignity.

I burned with fever as I listened to this sad story, and an iron hand seemed to press upon my heart.

The narrator, a well-meaning man, who talked with confiding sociability, did not perceive, that, although I had no fault to find with

him, yet I could not look without shuddering upon the hands which had seized my friend.

At Buffalora he breakfasted ; I was too much distressed, I could take nothing.

Once, in years long since past, when I was in the country at Arluno with Count Porro's sons, I used sometimes to walk to Buffalora along the Ticino.

I rejoiced to observe the beautiful bridge completed, the materials for which I had seen scattered on the Lombard shore, with the belief, then common, that the work would never be finished. I rejoiced to cross that river, and again touch the Piedmontese soil. Ah, though I love all nations, God knows how greatly I prefer Italy ; and though I so delight in Italy, God knows how much dearer to me than the name of any other Italian country, is that of Piedmont, the land of my fathers !

CHAPTER XCIX.

Opposite to Buffalora is San Martino. Here the Lombard brigadier spoke to some Piedmontese carbineers; he then saluted me and re-crossed the bridge.

"Take the road to Novara," said I to the *vetturino*.

"Have the goodness to wait a moment," said a carbineer.

I saw that I was not yet free, and it grieved me; for I feared that it might delay my arrival at home.

After more than a quarter of an hour, a gentleman made his appearance, and asked permission to go to Novara with me. He had missed a former opportunity; there was now no carriage but mine; he should be very happy, if I would allow him to take advantage of it, &c. &c.

This carbineer in disguise was of an amiable disposition, and kept me company agreeably as far as Novara. When we arrived in that city, under pretence of going to an inn, he directed

the carriage to the barrack of the carbineers; and here I was told that there was a bed for me in the chamber of a brigadier, and that I must wait for superior orders.

I thought I should be able to proceed on the following day; I lay down, and after having talked awhile with my host, the brigadier, I slept soundly. For a long time I had not rested so well.

I awoke towards morning, rose immediately, and the early hours seemed long to me. I took breakfast, talked, walked up and down the room and on the terrace, gave a glance at the books of my host; till, finally, a visitor was announced.

An officer politely came to give me news of my father, and to tell me that there was a letter from him in Novara, which would shortly be brought to me. I was greatly obliged to him for this amiable courtesy.

Several hours passed, which seemed to me without end, when at last the letter made its appearance.

Oh what joy it was to see that dear handwriting once more! what joy to hear that my mother, my excellent mother, was still living, my

two brothers and my eldest sister! Alas! the youngest, Marietta, who had become a nun of *La Visitazione*, and of whom I had received clandestine information while in prison, had died nine months before.

It is delightful to me to believe, that I owe my liberty to all those who loved me, and who were continually interceding with God for me, and in particular to a sister, whose death was accompanied by evidences of great piety. May God recompense her for all the anguish her heart suffered on account of my misfortunes.

Day after day passed, and the permission to leave Novara did not arrive. On the morning of the 16th of September this permission was finally granted, and all supervision on the part of the carbineers ceased. Oh, how many years it was since I had gone where I pleased, without being accompanied by guards!

. I obtained some money, received the civilities of some of my father's acquaintance, and set out about three in the afternoon. My travelling companions were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of whom was deaf and dumb. These painters came from Rome; and it gave me pleasure to understand

that they knew Maroncelli's family. How agreeable it is to speak of those we love, with one who is not indifferent to them!

We passed the night at Vercelli. The happy day, the 17th of September, arrived. We continued our journey. How slowly did the carriage move on! We did not arrive at Turin till evening.

Who can describe what I felt, and what was felt by those dear to me, when I again saw and embraced my father, my mother, and my brothers? My dear sister Giuseppina was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri; but, when she heard of my happiness, she came in haste to pass a few days with us. Restored to these five dearest objects of my affection, I was, I am, the most enviable of mortals.

And now, for my past misfortunes, and for my present happiness, as well as for all the good and evil which may be reserved for me, blessed be that Providence, in whose hands men and things, whether they will or will it not, are the wonderful instruments for accomplishing purposes, worthy of their Divine Author.

THE END.

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